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Black Anti-Semitism *Joseph Featherstone*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts — March 8, 1969, 40 cents

"We Need Help"

A Message from Mississippi

Robert Coles & Harry Huge

Jail before Trial – *Abraham S. Goldstein*

Nixon on Tour – *John Osborne*

Report from Britain – *Anthony Howard*

A+B+M=Lunacy – *The Editors*

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NEWSPAPER

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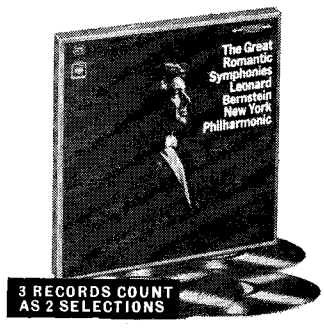
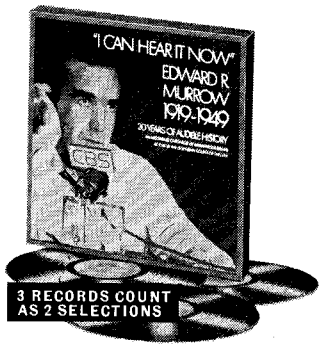
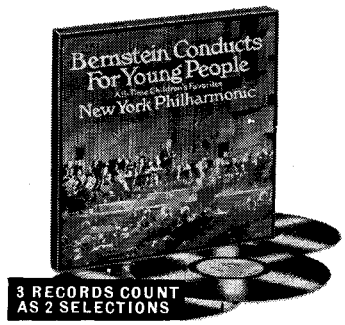
7158-7159. Mahler: Symphony No. 10; Das Lied Von Der Erde
Ormandy conducts the premiere recording of this recently completed symphony; Lili Chookasian, Richard Lewis are soloists in "Das Lied"



2911-2912. Bernstein Conducts Great Romantic Symphonies
Franck's Symphony in D Minor; Dvorak's "New World" Symphony; Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony; Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony



5853-5854. I Can Hear It Now
Here is Edward R. Murrow's unique "audible history" of 1919 to 1949. The actual sounds and voices enable you to relive the great events of these momentous years



6780-6781. Bernstein Conducts For Young People
Peter and the Wolf; Night on Bald Mountain; Carnival of the Animals; The Sorcerer's Apprentice; Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks; 3 more

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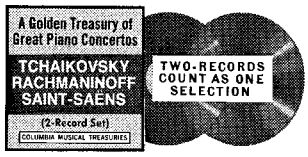

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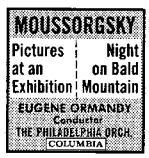

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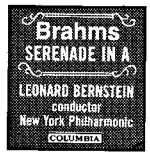

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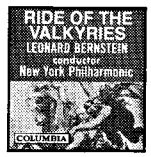

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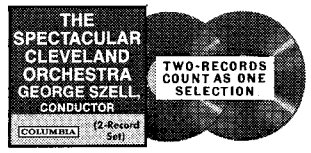

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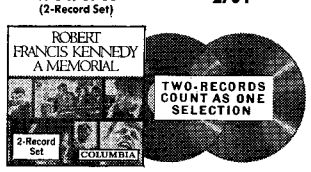

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7160-7161-7162-7163-7164-7165. Magic Moments From The World of Great Classics
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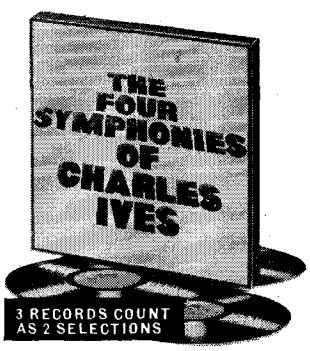

6841-6842. Charles Ives: The Four Symphonies
Three of the finest conductors of our time — Bernstein, Stokowski, Ormandy — in masterful performances of these truly revolutionary works

2919-2920-2921-2922-2923. Beethoven's Nine Symphonies
Eugene Ormandy and the world-famous Philadelphia Orchestra capture all the drama, lyricism, beauty and excitement of these great symphonies

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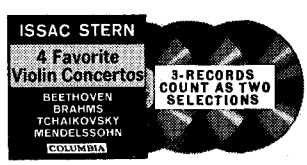

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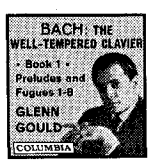

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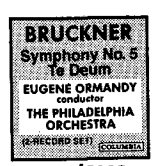

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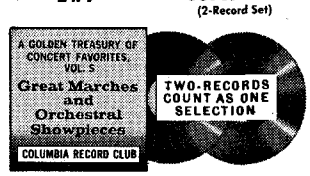
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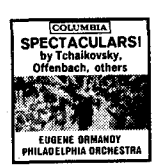

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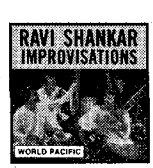

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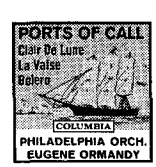

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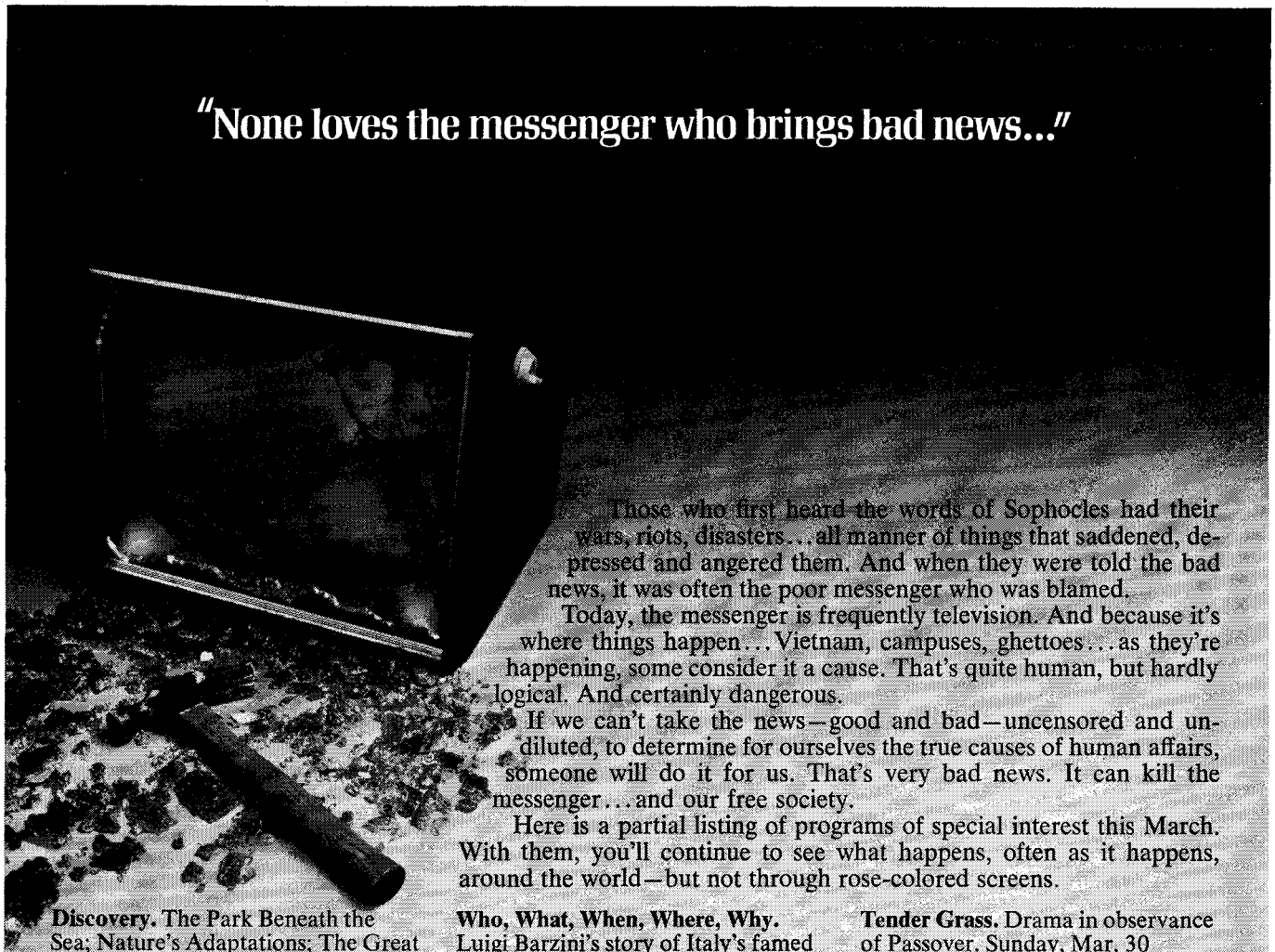
"None loves the messenger who brings bad news..."



Those who first heard the words of Sophocles had their wars, riots, disasters... all manner of things that saddened, depressed and angered them. And when they were told the bad news, it was often the poor messenger who was blamed.

Today, the messenger is frequently television. And because it's where things happen... Vietnam, campuses, ghettoes... as they're happening, some consider it a cause. That's quite human, but hardly logical. And certainly dangerous.

If we can't take the news—good and bad—uncensored and undiluted, to determine for ourselves the true causes of human affairs, someone will do it for us. That's very bad news. It can kill the messenger... and our free society.

Here is a partial listing of programs of special interest this March. With them, you'll continue to see what happens, often as it happens, around the world—but not through rose-colored screens.

Discovery. The Park Beneath the Sea; Nature's Adaptations; The Great American Harness Horse; Hawaii Coffee Growing. Sundays, Mar. 2, 9, 16, 23 (11:30-12 Noon).

Directions. Black Church in America (Part IV)—Black church leaders discuss the importance of their role in America today. Sunday, Mar. 2 (1-1:30 pm).

Children's Film Festival. Adventure in the Hopfields; The Little Bearkeepers; Testadirapa. Sundays, Mar. 2, 9 (1:30-2:30 pm), Mar. 23 (1-2:30 pm).

NBC Experiment in Television. Four Days to Omaha; The New Communicators; Bye, Bye Butterfly. Sundays, Mar. 2, 16, 23 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The 21st Century. Circle of Love; The Sleepwatchers; Can We Save the World? (Part I and II); Art in the 21st Century. Sundays, Mar. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (6-6:30 pm).

Sunken Treasure. The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—The crew of the Calypso discovers and explores a sunken Spanish galleon. Tuesday, Mar. 4 (7:30-8:30 pm).

First Tuesday. Once-a-month presentation of special news features. Sander Vanocur is anchorman. Tuesday, Mar. 4 (9-11 pm).

The Wizard of Oz. The musical classic starring Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger and Jack Haley. Sunday, Mar. 9 (7-9 pm).

Who, What, When, Where, Why. Luigi Barzini's story of Italy's famed frescoes recently exhibited at New York's Metropolitan Museum. Tuesday, Mar. 11 (10-10:30 pm).

Three Young Americans. The search for a meaningful life in modern society seen through the questing lives of three young people involved in socially useful projects. Monday, Mar. 17 (9-10 pm).

Hollywood: The Selznick Years. Ingrid Bergman, Katharine Hepburn, other stars appear in a review of the producer's career. Friday, Mar. 21 (10-11 pm).

Adventures at the Jade Sea. The harsh environment surrounding Kenya's Lake Rudolph, the primitive tribes that have survived there and Kenya's efforts to protect the area's remaining wildlife. William Holden is host-narrator. Wednesday, Mar. 26 (7:30-8:30 pm).

On Broadway. Kraft Music Hall—David Merrick and Broadway stars. Wednesday, Mar. 26 (9-10 pm).

Give Us Barabbas. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Henry Denker's Easter drama of the condemned-to-die thief and murderer who is freed instead of Christ before the court of Pontius Pilate. With James Daly, Kim Hunter, Dennis King. Friday, Mar. 28 (8:30-10 pm).

Tender Grass. Drama in observance of Passover. Sunday, Mar. 30 (12:30-1 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts with Leonard Bernstein. The conductor presents a varied program. Sunday, Mar. 30 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/ Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Untamed World/ Shell's Wonderful World of Golf/ ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/ Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/ Camera Three/Discovery/ Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/ Frontiers of Faith/Animal World/ The Killy Style/Frank McGee Sunday Report/G-E College Bowl/ The 21st Century/Wild Kingdom/ Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

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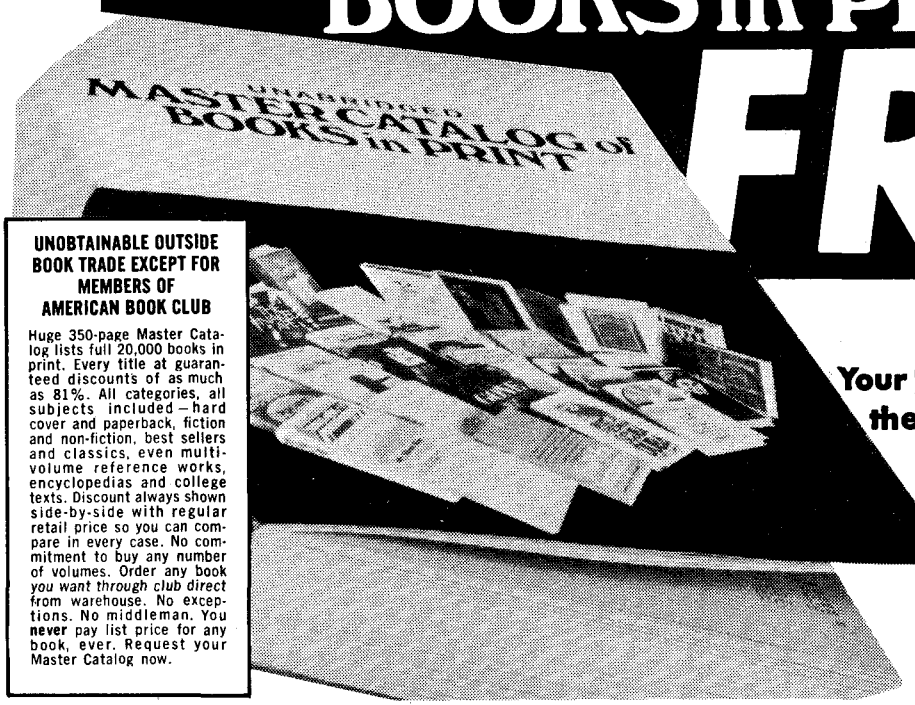

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TRB

From Washington

Sleep Well

Skip this piece if you have a weak stomach. It's about worms. Worms in people. Poor people. By almost common consent Americans shun it. I notice reporters who cover Sen. George McGovern's hearings on hunger sidestep it. Facts are facts. Here they are.

Charles Fraser is a quiet-voiced executive of a private resort area in South Carolina with tennis and golf and some of the finest beaches in the world. A lot of local blacks have parasite infections and Mr. Fraser thought it could be eradicated. To his surprise he found that in the entire *US Cumulative Index Medicus*, 1961-67, there is no article on mass eradication. There are 224 articles on symptoms and side effects of round worms (Ascaris) and whip worms (Trichuris) but nothing on mass control.

Mr. Fraser knew that farm journals abound in pieces on worm control in cattle – in pigs. If your dog has worms you know it's sick and you do something. Mass infestation in people, it appears, is different.

The Fraser group checked further. The *Index* showed 18 articles on community parasite control in Russian medical journals; also in Japan and other far-off places. But these weren't translated.

Well then, the group asked, is infection prevalent in the US? Spot tests by doctors astonished them. In some impoverished areas three out of four had either roundworms or whipworms. Not just in South Carolina, it appeared, but among low-income people in 153 similar counties in seven states. Maybe one to three million people. (No government survey has been made.)

The McGovern subcommittee heard disgusting clinical details. Sen. Ellender (D., La.), a well-meaning conservative, acted as a kind of straight man. He told a harrowing personal experience. "When about eight, I remember running to my mother because of the worms coming out of my mouth. . . ." The matter was brought to medical attention, he said. Then "a campaign of all of the people" stamped it out. Why don't "local people" (blacks) act here, Ellender asked?

Doctors explained patiently that "personal hygiene" is difficult in the near-animal conditions of some areas. Blacks and some whites live in shanties without running water; in many cases without privies. People use the woods. The parasite ova contaminate the soil. Ignorance is such, they testified, that many actually believe the worms "come from sugar." How about kindergarten-type educational leaflets to inform them? The government prints none. How about films? HEW has a library of 480 films for national distribution on child-rearing; not one on worm infestation.

Officially, worms don't exist. Actually, some witnesses guessed "about a million" children are infested. "It is our firm conclusion," Mr. Fraser testified, "that nothing of any substance is presently being done in the US to eradicate the continuing heavy worm infestation of low-income families."

Mrs. Landon Butler, a trim, slender white volunteer worker in Beaufort County, S.C., said, "I found entire families existing on rice, sweet water and bread, often rationed in small amounts." When individual children are treated for worms, she said, they go home and are immediately reinfected. Others noted that a poor family might, perhaps, borrow $1,500 to build a new pigsty under OEO programs, but not to install a pump, a well, or a hygienic bathroom.

Dr. James Carter, nutritionist from Vanderbilt University, has worked in Guatemala, Nigeria and Egypt, and said hunger symptoms in children here are about the same; in samples he found "distended stomachs in 41 percent," attributed to secondary effects of roundworms.

In bald terms, when food is swallowed it's a question who gets it, child or worm. Between 1960-64 the US sent over $392 million abroad, he said, to help underdeveloped countries get "water supplies and waste disposal systems." It would have been nice, he said mildly, to have had some of that money here.

Sen. McGovern is pushing his astonishing inquiry. He has beat a Senate effort to cut his funds. He has won astonishing support from Sen. Hollings (D., S.C.). He has even got assistance from the Department of Agriculture. Hunger, it is now believed, causes irreversible brain damage in children. And these children, McGovern notes, are not merely hungry from birth; they are hungry before birth, in their mother's womb.

Dr. Robert Coles of Harvard had trouble controlling his anger. Fresh from surveys, he and a team of doctors tried to get aid from the Department of Agriculture. But spokesmen said they feared Congress – the chairmen of agriculture committees particularly. After all, the billions spent are to support farm prices, not feed the hungry. Rep. Jamie Whitten is chairman of the House Appropriations subcommittee on agriculture. Coles charges Whitten's Mississippi district "has an infant mortality that rivals any place in the world – including India."

Once in the intestine, an ascaris worm grows to 6 to 14 inches. In the normal life cycle the immature worm migrates from the bloodstream to the intestines by way of the lungs (often causing pulmonary symptoms or bleeding). Fifty worms of this size in a child are classed as "moderate" in medical articles, Mr. Fraser said.

It is hard, of course, to teach a hungry child. Sen. Ellender, age 78, appeared nonplussed that areas in Louisiana are still heavily infested. Apparently, he thought it was all ended when he was eight. He said he would visit the communities. "This has been kept under cover," explained Dr. E. J. Lease, University of South Carolina, "for reasons that you can guess as well as I. This matter has not ever really been taken before the public."

"If I brought in a jar of some child's round worms," Mr. Fraser said, "a great many people would be thoroughly nauseated. It is the sort of thing that is left unsaid, undiscussed and unreported throughout the US."

A good note to close on! Let's not disturb folks. The thought of that jar upsets refined people. Things should be kept in their place, in the . . . well, let's skip it. Sleep well, good people – only a few million kids are affected.

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A+B+M= Lunacy

Shortly after his return from Europe, the President will decide whether to go ahead with the Johnson Administration's "thin" anti-ballistic missile system (Sentinel). The sensible choice, in our judgment, is to scuttle it. That is the belief, too, of a very large number of scholars and scientists who on March 4 dramatized their opposition by a one-day cessation of research.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. said last week that "the toughest challenge President Nixon faces in Washington is dealing with what the last Republican President called the 'military-industrial complex.'" In it are the mammoth defense industries which dot the country and are heard with respect by Congressmen, the professional preparedness gang (American Legion, etc.), those military men for whom the proliferation of military hardware is an end in itself. They want to go ahead with $5 billion for Sentinel, but, that's only the beginning. President Kennedy's science adviser, now provost of MIT, Jerome Wiesner, points out that this "thin" system is "regarded by most advocates of anti-ballistic missile systems as the down payment on a much more substantial system." He has "heard high-ranking officers say that if they thought that the Sentinel system was all that the US ever intended to buy, they would be against it. But they believe that it will lead naturally to a large-scale system." Would deployment of a large-scale anti-ballistic system, Mr. Wiesner asks, add to or detract from national security: "My judgment is that in the end we would, at best, be at very little different posture than we are now, but with a military system a great deal bigger; and that at worst we would be in a situation in which the actual damage could be somewhat greater." Professor Wiesner comes to this conclusion, in part, because he doesn't believe that the ABM system is going to function the way its advocates hope it will. He told the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions that we would be "absolute fools if we predicated our behavior on an assumption of ideal performance of everything that goes into the design of an ABM system." He has grave reservations about the effectiveness of the system, "even if a potential enemy were not devising things to undo its effectiveness." And he is quite sure that once we go ahead, others (the Soviet Union, or at a much later date, China) will do everything they can to undermine its effectiveness. "This is not a matter," he says, "that anybody

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can settle with numbers and calculations. It is a judgment. But judgments of this kind are at the heart of the decision to build or not to build an ABM system, not the statistics, the calculating about 'cost effectiveness,' or how many people will be killed. These factors are important in the decision, of course. What is most important, however, is the total dynamics and the likely interaction of the policy-makers on both sides. . . . Can we continue to play this numbers game, which certainly will not buy a real defense, and at the same time achieve a rational world? My answer is no."

That is not the judgment, apparently, of Secretary of Defense Laird, nor of defense industries (or would-be defense contractors) who naturally hope to stake out new claims on the federal budget that can be redeemed in the post-Vietnam era. Walter Pincus, writing in *The Washington Post*, quotes from a memo issued by Lt. Gen. A. D. Starbird, who directs the Sentinel program, instructing his staff to "cooperate and coordinate with industry on public relations efforts by industries involved in the Sentinel program."

The justification first given, by Mr. McNamara, for our having an ABM system was that within the next 5 or 6 years the Chinese would have 15 to 20 ICBM's that could be launched against our cities. It was and is a poor rationale. If the Chinese leaders go out of their minds and choose to toss a few ICBM's at this country, thereby inviting in retaliation the total destruction of their society, neither an ABM system nor anything else will stop them. And if, as seems more probable, they continue to take a more prudent view of their national interest, what need have we of an ABM system? The US has all the deterrent power it needs, now. What an ABM will do is escalate the arms race, the defense budget, and the sense of insecurity, leaving us no safer than we are, though poorer. "Quite simply," Hubert Humphrey said rightly, though belatedly the other day, "We can not afford to upset the strategic nuclear balance with the Soviet Union – and Sentinel would do just that. . . . We should halt deployment of the Sentinel system and begin, as expeditiously as possible, negotiations with the Soviet Union on the reduction of offensive and defensive strategic weapons."

"That ain't no straw, Melvin."

The great contribution President Nixon can make to his cherished goal of "peace among nations" is to turn away from this menacing competition in military gadgetry, which is his inheritance from the cold war Administrations of the past. He said in his inaugural that "the times are on the side of peace," and so they may be if the President can help rid this country of the treacherous idea, so long dominant, that anything is worth doing, anything is worth spending any amount of money on, anything is worth any sacrifice, so long as it claims to be protecting us from some variety of Communism.

The President has called a temporary halt to the ABM program and ordered a review by Secretary Laird and Under Secretary Packard. It is scheduled to be completed by about the middle of this month. That is one way to lay the ground for a reversal. The conclusions of that report depend on the people doing the reviewing. If they are the same ones in the Pentagon who have been at work on the ABM problem in the past, there is little reason to think that they will question the basic premise of the original decision to go ahead. Then it will be up to the President. We change Administrations, in part, so that we may change policies. Mr. Johnson had his policy; Mr. Nixon is free to have another. The President cannot help being aware of mounting public uneasiness over the huge bite that defense takes from the economy, to the sacrifice of domestic welfare. The public wants something more reassuring than this everlasting one-upmanship in propaganda and weapons between ourselves and the Communist powers. The people want, as the President says he wants, to move into a new era of lowered tensions, lowered military budgets. That view is reflected in the United States Senate, where, according to reports, a majority of Senators are now opposed to the ABM, an opposition sure to be publicized in Senate hearings on the matter, chaired by Senator Albert Gore, which open this week before a subcommittee of the Foreign Relations Committee.

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With Nixon On the Grand Tour

from John Osborne in Berlin

Twice in the first days of the President's week in Europe, we who travel with him saw the Nixon seen so often last year. At the tomb of Belgium's unknown soldier in Brussels, the assembled children of resident Americans chanted and screamed "We want Nixon," and he responded with the upflung arms and wiggling fingers of the 1968 campaign. The next time he did it, on the stroke of his first midnight in London, he had been rushed in a Rolls Royce limousine through lines of massed police and past a few hundred grubby activists who were shouting "Nixon out" and "Victory to the Vietcong." At the entrance to Claridge's Hotel, where he was lodged, he leaped from the car, darted for the door, and in a strange reflex action, whirled toward the police and cameramen across Brook Street and raised his arms, fingers dancing, before he vanished from the sight of his astonished audience.

Any show of interest, friendly and hostile, was hardly the norm in Brussels, London and Bonn. Protesters were few, the populace inclined to vast indifference. Nowhere in the first cities along his way did he draw anything like the crowds that choked the streets of Bonn, London and Paris when President Eisenhower visited them in 1959. He made the most of the small groups that clustered for a glimpse of him at Westminster Abbey, the House of Commons and Downing Street in London with a few hands pressed, a few rather inept words exchanged ("Are you British?" "I sure am"). In Bonn, the journalists who attended a press briefing by his and the host government's spokesmen far outnumbered the Germans who troubled to watch, on a chill and dour day, his first call upon Chancellor Kiesinger and President Luebke. The galleries of the Bundestag Hall were packed when (at his own suggestion, his spokesman said) he delivered an innocuous little speech of greeting and assurance to the deputies later that day, but his largest crowd to date appeared to be made up mostly of people from the nearby government offices. It was as if the run of the people along his route in these first days had taken him at his word when he said in Washington, just before he began this first journey of his Presidency, that he was not going to Europe to make a spectacle of himself or spectacular news for the press. He was going there to work, he said – to work at bringing about "a new spirit of consultation" and "a new spirit of confidence among our European friends and ourselves."

And he has worked at it, for a purpose that becomes ever clearer as he makes his earnest way from Brussels to Berlin and then to Rome and Paris. The true destination of this journey is the Kremlin – if not literally there, to some other place where there can be a meeting between President Nixon and whoever his Soviet counterpart then may be. In his public statements and speeches, in the deliberately clouded reports of his talks with the heads and chief officials of the five visited governments, the theme of hope and preparation for that meeting, and for the lesser meetings at "the working level" that would have to precede it, recurs with unmistakable emphasis and frequency. At Brussels, addressing the NATO Council, he said that "in due course . . . the *United States* will enter into negotiations with the Soviet Union on a wide range of issues." Some of the accompanying reporters, starved for hard news, seized upon his positive use of *will* and surmised that it somehow signaled a hitherto hidden basis for certainty that summit negotiation is already assured. It is not by any means assured, we were subsequently told, but it is the primary objective of this whole exercise, and the point that Nixon intended to emphasize was that it would occur only "on the basis of full consultation and cooperation with our allies." At the NATO talks, in London and in Bonn, he said again and again that there would be full consultation with the Western allies "before and during" the desired negotiations with the Soviet government. He was, in short, trying to position himself and the American government to speak for the Western Alliance to the Soviet Union, not simply as the strongest power in the Alliance but far more effectively, he evidently thought – as its agreed messenger and servant.

This could explain, and I believe it does, the President's extreme and at times confusing care to stay as clear as he could of the issues that divide the European allies and would render his chosen mission exceedingly difficult even if there were no gulf of purpose and policy between the United States and the Soviet Union. There was, for example, the insistence on his behalf this week that the latest and deepest rift between Great Britain and De Gaulle's France had never once been mentioned during his talks with Prime Minister Wilson in London and Chancellor Kiesinger in Bonn. It was, said "high officials" traveling with Nixon, a European problem for Europeans to settle, as if it did not involve the very existence of the North Atlantic Alliance which – Nixon said to Wilson and their dining companions at Chequers – he valued as "the blue chip of American foreign policy." Most of the correspondents in his party flatly refused to believe it and some of them concluded that one thing Nixon would get from this trip was his own credibility gap. But the assertion is believable, with a major qualification. The destructive Franco-British quarrel has in fact been discussed – in code. Nixon had only to say to Harold Wilson that the United States puts the renewal and strengthening of NATO

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beyond every other aim of its European policy and wants as fervently as ever to see Britain fully "in Europe," in the Common Market and in every other respect, to indicate his and his government's displeasure with the current Gaullist gambit. Beyond Berlin and Rome, after all, De Gaulle in person awaited Nixon in person. The new President would want to be able to look the old General in the face and say without a quaver that he indeed had not discussed with Wilson and with Kiesinger, Britain's advocate in continental councils, De Gaulle's culminating effort to undo them and make himself the master of a new European alignment.

West Berlin is any American President's city. The people gave tremendous welcomes to President Kennedy in 1963, to Vice President Johnson in 1961, and they responded by the thousands with cheers and friendly signs ("Nixon okay," "Thank you, Mr. President") to his presence and to 24 years of guaranteed American protection. Nixon could and would have done no less than to reaffirm "our long standing commitment to the people of West Berlin." His car was spattered with mud at one of eight stops along the crowded streets, a television reporter was stunned by a thrown rock, but the mobs of demonstrators who had been predicted never appeared. In an ultimate gesture of goodwill, the commandant of the French zone of the city released his French employees from work when Nixon approached the French airfield for his departure. They lined his way and cheered him as cordially as the Berliners had. It was a pleasant though probably misleading augury of his coming session with the one Frenchman who would make or mar his last waking stop on this journey.

This is the first of two reports by Mr. Osborne on the President's first venture in personal diplomacy.

Less Noise

The interagency review of the Supersonic Transport program is the first significant test of the new Administration's concern for the environment – and of its attitude toward government support of private business ventures. If Mr. Nixon wants to reduce public noise levels so he can hear some quiet voices, he can begin by dropping the SST, or at least by sending it back to the drawing board. He hasn't much time to come up with his decision. The Federal Aviation Agency's SST development contract with the Boeing Company gives the government until mid-April to determine whether to begin the manufacture of the flying protoypes of the SST design submitted to it in January. The FAA's technical review committee already has determined that the Boeing design, known in the trade as the Dash 300, barely meets the basic contract requirements. These include a 3,800-mile range, a 236-passenger payload and commercial operating economies. But both Boeing and the FAA experts acknowledge that the Dash 300 is "unacceptably" noisy for commercial operation, even if limited to transoceanic routes. Mainly because of its gigantic size (750,000 pounds, the same as the Boeing 747 jumbo jet, which will carry nearly twice as much payload), the SST must take off on afterburners that will create an ear-splitting shriek in communities near airports. The "sideline" or community noise levels will be about 20 percent higher than the FAA allows, in a proposed rule, for subsonic jets.

Then, once the large, fixed-wing SST is airborne at 1,800 miles an hour, it will produce a truly awesome sonic boom over a wide path. Boeing engineers indicate that the boom will be about 40 percent louder than the one predicted for the swing-wing SST design scrapped last year – and that was judged by the Johnson Administration too noisy to fly supersonically across the United States. Boeing proposes to reduce sideline noise by the risky expedient of cutting fuel reserves sharply, making weight for noise muffling devices. It has been estimated that this would require a $1 billion improvement in present air traffic control technique, so that SST's would not have to be stacked up or diverted in case of traffic jams or bad weather. There is nothing that can be done about the boom in the foreseeable future of aircraft design.

Sen. Warren G. Magnuson, chairman of the Commerce Committee, a key member of the Appropriations Committee and Boeing's home-state Senator, wants to go ahead with prototype construction anyway. That will cost the government a minimum of $600 million more; it has already invested $500 million in the project, and the chances for recouping part of this investment in future sales must be judged highly risky. A number of airlines consider the new Boeing design to be only marginally economic, and say there are still a number of technical wrinkles that must be ironed out before it is certain the plane will be controllable in flight.

The Boeing SST, still only a paper design, is already at least three years behind the Anglo-French Concorde and the Soviet SST, both of which have been flight-tested. Part of the reason for the lag was Boeing's year-long delay in dropping the swing-wing design as unworkable. Now some airlines are arguing that another year or more of delay is needed. The delay may suit Mr. Nixon's budget plans. But the wiser course would be to put the whole project back into R&D for an indefinite period, if not to drop it altogether. A safe, economic, quiet SST is beyond the present state of the art in aircraft design.

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Politics for Every Man

Our Presidential nominating process is at once grievously frustrating and yet susceptible to real reform. Party officialdom now dominates the selection of convention delegates in all too many states, and application of the unit rule at various levels of the selection process excludes minorities from participation in national conventions in numbers proportionate to their local strength. Indeed, the ruthless application of the unit rule is capable of excluding local minorities which might find themselves in a majority at the convention if they were allowed to get there.

An unofficial, *ad hoc* commission headed by Senator Harold E. Hughes of Iowa studied the Democratic Convention last summer and suggested a number of ways to remedy the conditions just described. Several of the Hughes Commission's recommendations were adopted by the Chicago Convention, and Sen. Fred R. Harris of Oklahoma, the Democratic National Chairman, has somewhat tardily appointed a special committee to implement them and, perhaps, to induce state parties to restructure the delegate-selection process. Harris appointed Sen. George McGovern chairman of the committee, and included Hughes among its members. Both these appointments augur well. If the committee, which had its first meeting March 1, addresses its task without fear or favor, and if it acts speedily, it has a chance to restore for many of our people that sense of the legitimacy of government which is of the first importance, and which has been allowed dangerously to erode of late. In four or five states, legislatures are now in session and will not reconvene until 1971. Unless they get the word fast and move promptly, delegates to the '72 Democratic convention are likely to be selected by the old discredited methods that were used for the '68 convention. McGovern knows this. He has the intention, and the budget, to send emissaries from his Committee to the states to explain to party officials how democratization of the selection process can be brought about, and why it is essential.

Another point at which the present process is too rigid are the election laws of many states that effectively rule out all but massively organized minor-party candidacies. The two-party system is valuable. But it would spin off into utter mindlessness if intense currents of opinion which receive no satisfaction, not even partial satisfaction, at the conventions are prevented from expressing their protest and signalling their intensity at the ballot box. The two-party system is satisfactory so long as it is broadly and ultimately – even if not always immediately – responsive. But minor-party candidacies in the states can show it what it must be prepared to respond to. Reasonable provisions making minor-party candidacies possible by means of petitions signed by a small percentage of voters in a state are essential to the health of the system. Such candidacies should be enabled to originate after the Presidential nominating conventions, quite late in an election year. To force people to forego minor party activity unless they undertake it early in the year, before the conventions, is not an intelligent way of protecting the two-party structure. It is a high risk way, a sort of all-or-nothing gamble.

It is unrealistic to expect the major parties to take the initiative toward changing state election laws so as to make minor-party candidacies more easily possible. Successful recourse has been had to the federal courts in a few instances, but the courts are not the most effective instrument of reform. Here a national body to spur and coordinate local legislative efforts is needed.

Tuning Out ROTC

At the very time when Pentagon plans call for a whopping increase in the number of officers to be "procured" – as military manpower specialists phrase it – from college ROTC programs, the ROTC program is coming unglued. Faculties at Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Bowdoin, Stanford, and the University of Pennsylvania have all voted in recent weeks to quit giving academic credit for the ROTC courses.

For every officer produced by the Service academies at West Point, Annapolis, and Colorado Springs last year, eight were commissioned from the ROTC program. ROTC produces about twice as many career officers for the Army as West Point. In 1953, only about 47 percent of all officers had college degrees; today the number is close to 75 percent. One 1960 Pentagon study illustrated the need for more college-trained leaders by estimating that in the Civil War, only four percent of all military jobs involved so-called white collar occupations (compared with about eleven percent in the civilian labor force), whereas by 1960 over 47 percent of military jobs were white collar, as against 42 percent in the civilian economy.

The Pentagon, therefore, has been planning on turn- The latest Defense department budget projects the increase from just under 18,000 ROTC officers in fiscal year 1968 to over 24,000 in fiscal year 1970. (During ing out many more ROTC officers than ever before.

COMING: possibilities of new and better relations between the US and France – by Stanley Hoffmann

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the same period, the number of officers being commissioned from the Service academies would increase only by about 500.) To show how these plans are being frustrated by the colleges, one has only to compare former Defense Secretary McNamara's ROTC projections of one year ago with those the Pentagon gave Congress in January. McNamara had reported that by fiscal year 1969, ROTC enrollment would total 264,000 students, up about 10 percent from 1968. Now, the Pentagon shows fiscal year 1969 ROTC enrollment at only 214,000, a drop of about 10 percent.

Publicly, Pentagon spokesmen have put on a cheerful front. Within days after Yale's faculty voted four to one to strip ROTC of its academic standing, Army officials (who absorb over 70 percent of all ROTC output) told the press (February 3) that "agitation against recruiting and military training has failed to prevent a sharp increase in the output of officers at the universities and colleges." They went on to point out that no school had "dropped" ROTC in the last five years. (In fact, the number of colleges with *compulsory* ROTC courses dropped from 132 to 95, and Army ROTC enrollment fell from 159,849 to 150,982 in the same period.)

The day after getting this rosy assessment, Harvard's faculty voted 207 to 125 to withdraw academic credit for ROTC courses and to end faculty appointments for officers serving as "professors" of military science and tactics. One week later, the Adjutant General of the State of Massachusetts, Major General Joseph M. Ambrose (a product of the Harvard ROTC program, class of 1942) wrote a four-page letter to the President and to each Fellow of Harvard College. In it, he said that the faculty action was "violative of federal law and policy," that the vote of 207 to 125 against ROTC "does not seem to be a sweeping mandate for change," that "as the result of previous Selective Service policies which permitted endless educational deferments, every university faculty is increasingly composed of members without any military service and without any significant experience in the world at large," that "these individuals cannot reasonably be expected to dictate major policy decisions requiring maturity, experience, and responsibility."

"That's our next defoliation project."

Ambrose added that he did not "believe that the ROTC curriculum . . . should be watered down to conform to faculty ideas." He said too, "There is no particular disposition on the part of the armed forces to yield to faculty wishes in this matter; within the past few days I have discussed the subject briefly with the Secretary of the Army, the Chief of Staff of the Army, as well as with the Director of the Army ROTC program." And in a final and ill-advised "we don't need you, but you need us" gratuity, Ambrose said:

"Largely due to reduced University support for the program and anti-military pressures within the student group itself, the ROTC programs at Harvard have declined in enrollment to the point of becoming economically unproductive. The abolition of ROTC at Harvard will not materially affect officer procurement for the armed forces; and the most probable result of Corporation approval of the faculty recommendation will be removal of ROTC staffs at Harvard and their reassignment to other colleges, thirty of which avidly desire to have such a program. Thus, deprived of the opportunity to enter service as commissioned officers, the only real losers will be Harvard's own students."

It took the Pentagon four days to react to the Ambrose letter, which one officer described as "the kiss of death for ROTC at Harvard." On February 15 – a Saturday – Defense Secretary Melvin Laird sent a two-page letter to Harvard President Nathan Pusey (as well as to the presidents of Stanford and seven other universities) asking that "adverse actions affecting the ROTC program which may be contemplated by your university be held in abeyance pending coordination and consultation with the Department of Defense and a thorough review of possible problem areas." Laird was too late. So was the promise of a review of "possible" problem areas. On Monday, February 17, the eight-man Harvard Corporation voted to back faculty recommendations denying credit for ROTC courses, and withdrawing faculty status from officers assigned to the ROTC staff.

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Odd and Ugly Noises From the Labor Party

London

The 3,000 students at the London School of Economics have returned to their studies in an almost Mardi Gras atmosphere. The first serious revolutionary effort in a British university looks, for the moment, as if it has been overcome. The LSE – founded by the Webbs, former platform of socialist teachers like Laski and Tawney, political launching-pad for countless anti-colonialist leaders throughout the world – had been closed by order of its governors for almost four weeks. It reopened with the student militants defeated, the school's administration badly bruised and – perhaps most important of all – the British public no longer quite so confidently certain that the kind of things that have happened at Berkeley and the Sorbonne could not, after all, take place here too.

How the director, students and staff of the LSE eventually sort out their differences is probably the least important aspect of this first major "protest" upheaval in any British university. What matters for the future is the highly unattractive *Poujadiste* sediment that the whole affair has succeeded in bringing to the surface at virtually every level of British life.

By an ironic misfortune, the most prominent student leader in Britain – Tariq Ali – has just returned to his native Pakistan; and though he was not at all closely involved in the LSE confrontation, other foreign students (including three or four American ringleaders) certainly were. The result has been manna from heaven for those like the extremist Conservative politician, Enoch Powell, who have taken to preaching their own nationalist version of George Wallace's gospel. Students, blacks, foreign agitators all seemed to be lumped together in the minds of those who – breathing disgust at every pore – assembled to watch the last gasp of student protest as the LSE once again opened its doors. "Go back to Russia," "Those sort of people belong in trees, where they come from," "If I had my way I'd put the whole lot in the army, if not in prison" – the remarks came not from the elderly and the affluent but from ordinary, often young, working people standing on the sidewalks. The violent disturbances at LSE may have simply reinforced the prejudices of the grand and the rich; but they have also – much more dangerously – opened sluice gates of resentment among the Labor Party's own traditional supporters in the ranks of the country's wage earners.

For the moment, Harold Wilson's Labor government betrays every sign of running scared before the forces of animosity and anger that have been let loose. It was the Secretary of State for Education himself who in a speech in the House of Commons – between branding the student militants at LSE "the thugs of the academic world" and announcing that if they had been "apprentices in a factory in my constituency they would have been thrown out on their ears at once" – purposefully drew attention to the fact that "these gentlemen" (as he called foreign students) were frequently subsidized to the tune of £1,000 or £2,000 by the British taxpayer.

In Britain there has always been a mild tendency to despise intellectuals, particularly foreign ones. It was never until now particularly harmful – and it may even, in terms of combating academic snobbery, have done a little good. But now that it has been officially linked to the most old-fashioned form of class feeling – to say nothing of straight race prejudice – it seems only too likely to poison the whole atmosphere of public debate for some time to come.

There are certainly members of Mr. Wilson's own Cabinet who, realizing that in the game of pandering to prejudices the right-wing will always win, are already badly worried by the way the government as a whole is reacting to a new pervasive mood of philistinism and intolerance. There are indications that it is on this issue that Mr. Wilson's Cabinet is most basically divided. One school of thought, identified with James Callaghan, the Home Secretary, holds that if Labor is ever to bring back its disillusioned working-class supporters it must show that it is capable of being every bit as firm in dealing with student disorders, colored immigration, even the drug scene as the Conservatives are already making it clear that they are only too ready to be. (Mr. Callaghan, unlike Edward Heath, the Conservative Opposition leader, has not yet hinted that, as a result of a recent spate of child murders, it may eventually turn out to be necessary to bring back the death penalty – but there are those even among his Cabinet colleagues who suspect that it is a position that he might well come to.)

The other, more liberal element within the government – which finds its leadership in Roy Jenkins, the Chancellor of the Exchequer – holds firmly that the most fatal mistake that the Labor Party could now make would be to associate itself with the kind of anti-libertarian, repressive measures for which the Conservatives are now clamoring. The younger, more idealistic followers of Mr. Jenkins argue that the greatest danger to the Labor Party today is that it has lost its identity: it certainly, they insist, cannot hope to regain it by putting on the same bogey-man appeals that the Conservatives, in what many believe will eventually turn out to be the dirtiest election in British history, seem already to have decided to make.

So far the difference between the two attitudes in the government is more of an emotional divide than a policy conflict. If – as at long last there seems to be some hope – the government's various austerity mea-

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sures do finally succeed in ensuring a British economic recovery, it may never have to be fought out. For as Harold Wilson himself has always realized, elections in Britain in the last resort are won and lost on the simple issues of the purse and the pocketbook. If only the trade figures were right, there would be a better than even chance that Labor voters at least would soon forget about both the crime and the immigration rates.

All the same, the past few weeks have been dispiriting for those used to thinking of the Labor Party as an idealistic movement. It is puzzling enough that the party that owes not only its foundation but its very existence to the labor unions should now be threatening to place a version of the Taft-Hartley Act onto the British statute book. It is almost incredible that some of its most influential members are apparently ready to combine this with making the same kind of Daley-esque appeal to popular resentments and primitive prejudices that only a few months ago disgraced and destroyed the Democratic Party's Presidential campaign.

Anthony Howard

Inflating the Threat of Black Anti-Semitism

by Joseph Featherstone

The specter of black anti-Semitism is haunting New York City. Two incidents show how charged the atmosphere has become. The first occurred when the Metropolitan Museum of Art printed a black girl's essay as part of the catalogue for a rather witless and patronizing exhibit called "Harlem on My Mind." A heavily edited version of the original essay contained remarks that many took to be anti-Semitic, and there was a terrific outcry. The second happened when Leslie Campbell, a militant black teacher from the Ocean Hill district read a student's anti-Semitic doggerel over radio station WBAI. The station defended the broadcast as a way of focusing attention on black attitudes, denying any intention of slurring Jews, but Jewish groups in the city violently objected and are asking the FCC to revoke WBAI's license. Fears and feelings are running high: the Jews, one hears, are in the same position as those in Germany in the thirties; the Gentile establishment, one is told, is actually inciting the blacks to turn on Jews. Ferocious abuse is heaped on Mayor Lindsay, who was forced to fire the black director of the city's Commission on Human Rights for allegedly being soft on black anti-Semitism.

In the center of this grim picture is the struggle between the United Federation of Teachers and the governing board of the Ocean Hill demonstration district. Many on both sides decided early that they were witnessing a showdown between a black community and a Jewish union; that was bad enough. Matters became worse when the UFT began reproducing and circulating anti-Semitic handbills published by black extremists during the school crisis. By now some half a million of these hate sheets have been distributed, reaching a public beyond the wildest dreams of their wretched authors. The union view was that black anti-Semitism was a growing menace to which city officials were scandalously indifferent; reprinting the handbills was thus necessary to alert the public. Critics of the union point out that the handbills appeared at a time when public support for the union was shrinking; the suspicion is that the UFT cried anti-Semitism simply to win its case against Ocean Hill.

It was a serious distortion of the facts to link the handbills to the Ocean Hill governing board. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the dispute – and there are legitimate grievances on both sides – anti-Semitism is not the issue at Ocean Hill. Well over 60 percent of the teachers hired by the local governing board are white, and well over half of these are Jewish. Like other teachers, Jewish teachers working in Ocean Hill have grievances. Some disagree completely with the course of action the board has taken, but they do not complain of anti-Semitism. Listening to the alarm bells set off by their elders, some of the younger Jewish teachers talk sadly of the generation gap.

No one can deny that this has been a violent year: at IS 55 in September, crowds of blacks jeered returning white teachers and threatened them with death, while all over the city teachers who crossed picket lines were subjected to fantastic abuse and extreme threats by striking teachers. But charges of Nazism and fantasies of pogroms have been no help.

There is mounting bitterness among blacks that the UFT has won by what they see as trickery. For its part, the UFT keeps the fire going: every anti-Jewish remark by every black sidewalk Savonarola is cited as further evidence of the consequences of the Ocean Hill experiment. The furor keeps spreading. The Mayor's special committee on racial and religious prejudices issued an imprecise report on the "appalling" level of bigotry in the city, and the Anti-Defamation League issued an equally vague and provocative document.

There is some reasonably exact information on black anti-Semitism. A Harvard sociologist, Gary Marx, did a study of the 1964 riots for the Anti-Defamation League, and found that blacks as a group tend to be less anti-Semitic than whites. He showed that anti-Jewish statements by blacks often reflect anti-white feelings, not anti-Semitism. Blacks did not single out Jews as scapegoats – in fact the majority of blacks failed to distinguish Jews from other white ethnic

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groups. Those who did distinguish Jews as a separate group looked on them more favorably than other white ethnic groups. Mr. Marx concluded that there was no case for the prevalent notion that anti-Semitism is more widespread among blacks than whites. His findings, moreover, agreed with six out of seven studies done over the preceeding 20 years. And in March, 1968, a smaller study of New York City was done for the American Jewish Committee by Caroline Atkinson of Columbia's Bureau of Applied Social Research. Her findings tallied with those of Mr. Marx: "In general, then, there is no evidence from our study to suggest that either black nationalism or black power has appreciably influenced Negroes' attitudes toward Jews. Nor is there any evidence to suggest that attitudes have changed substantially since the 1964 study."

All this could change, but the most reliable evidence indicates that there's less anti-Semitism among blacks than among whites. (Someone has said that if all black Americans were anti-Semitic, they would still be outnumbered by anti-Semitic whites.) The anti-Semitism of some black intellectuals, and the anti-Zionism of black Marxist, Third World and Moslem groups does not find much of a response among black people generally. It would be ironic if the confrontation in New York led Harlem to adopt the anti-Semitism of the Union League or the old *Brooklyn Tablet*. What is true is that blacks are becoming more aware of the ethnic lines of battle in all city conflicts. As Murray Friedman very sensibly pointed out in *Commentary*, American blacks are not tied to European traditions of anti-Semitism: they are another ethnic group trying to move on up and out from the bottom of the American heap. In New York, the Jews displaced the Irish in the school and welfare bureaucracies of the thirties; now there is pressure from the blacks and Puerto Ricans for the Jews to move over. The situation is the same in many cities: the black push is anti-Irish in Boston, where the Irish have dug in, anti-Italian in Newark, where the Italians rule, anti-Jewish in New York. Like their Irish and Italian counterparts in other cities, lower- and lower-middle class Jews feel that they are being asked to take the rap for the failures of the whole urban social order. Their resentment is understandable. So is the permanent wariness of people whose relatives were among the six million dead. So is the bewilderment of Jews who helped create and nurture the civil rights movement only to see its gains scorned by black power militants.

New York's Jewish teachers, welfare workers, and small shopowners are on the firing line in one more episode in urban America's history of grinding ethnic factionalism. The situation is bitter and dangerous enough without bringing in Hitler.

Jail Before Trial

by Abraham S. Goldstein

Criminal procedure in the United States has only recently begun to narrow the gap between widely stated ideals and an unsatisfactory reality. Safeguards as elementary as the right to appointed counsel at trial and the right to be free of coercive interrogation or search without warrant are still in their infancy, furiously resisted by police and prosecutors. Meanwhile, mounting crime has drawn the controversy away from the courts and into the more volatile political arena. Provoked by student protests, black militancy and peace demonstrations, and by a pervasive feeling that "everything is coming unstuck," the forces of "law and order" are using basic institutions as scapegoats and threatening to distort them beyond recognition. One hoped that a lawyer President, determined to present himself as cool and unflappable, would not succumb to this intemperate mood. Regrettably, however, President Nixon's proposal for preventive detention before trial places him in the vanguard of those who would solve the crime problem by rolling back the Constitution.

The Nixon proposal brings to public view a problem, and a controversy, which has been nagging at students of criminal justice for quite some time: does

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it make sense to release persons charged with crime until they can be tried and convicted? President Nixon has said it does not, at least where the persons involved are, as he put it, "dangerous hardcore recidivists." The Constitution, on the other hand, has been construed fairly consistently as requiring release in noncapital cases, provided the accused can put up the necessary bail to assure that he will appear for trial. The rationale of this right to pretrial release is not just obeisance to the presumption of innocence, though that is hardly unimportant. The person denied release risks loss of employment, with all that may mean to his family and to the public welfare rolls; he is less able to locate witnesses and generally to assist in his defense; the pressure of detention may have an unduly coercive effect upon him, leading to waivers of preliminary hearing, pleas of guilty and waivers of jury trial; and, in the end, he is likely to draw a heavier sentence than his released counterpart.

Though the Nixon proposal has not yet been presented to the Congress, it speaks in broader terms than bills which have been introduced. These, which would be applicable in the federal courts and in the District of Columbia, include one by Senator Joseph Tydings (D., Md.), which would authorize detention only where the felonies charged involve actual or threatened "serious bodily harm," armed robbery, burglary and comparable offenses; another by Rep. William McCulloch (R., Ohio), would add narcotics offenders to the list; a third by Sen. Robert Byrd (D., W. Va.), would add the risk of "danger to other persons or to the community" to the risk of nonappearance which is now the exclusive criterion for pretrial detention. Nixon would subject "dangerous hardcore recidivists . . . [to] temporary pretrial detention when they have been charged with crimes and when their continued pretrial release presents a clear danger to the community." None of the proposals addresses itself to the problem of detention during a riot or emergency situation, where some sort of carefully limited detention may be justifiable.

Preventive detention before trial has long been formally recognized in European countries, including England. And it exists in fact, if not in law, in the United States as courts regularly set bail in amounts deliberately calculated to keep in custody persons who are regarded as dangerous, or persons who are thought to deserve punishment but are unlikely to be convicted. Indeed, the practice has been so widespread that fewer persons are released on bail in most of our states, where there is nominally an absolute right to bail, than in England where there is no such right. The current proposals would take this practice of preventive detention out of an illegitimate twilight zone and make it a regular part of the criminal process.

A measure very much like some now being considered was recently rejected by the Advisory Committee on Pretrial Proceedings of the American Bar Association. It recommended instead a statute patterned substantially on the federal Bail Reform Act of 1966. That statute, which is currently under attack, preserves the traditional standard, making release turn entirely on whether the person charged is likely to appear for trial. The tacit assumption on which it builds is that monetary bond may always be "excessive," in the constitutional sense, when indigent persons are being held, particularly if other factors such as ties to family, job and community make it probable that they will appear. But in assessing the probability of appearance, the court may consider "the nature and circumstances of the offense charged, the weight of the evidence against the accused, the accused's . . . character and record of convictions." The underlying theory, and it is by no means a new one, is that the more clearly guilty a person is, the greater will be his motivation to flee; the more heinous the offense and the worse the criminal record, the heavier will be the sentence and the less credible the promise to return for trial. These same characteristics, of course, may describe the preventive detainee, to the extent that they do, and are applied to retain in custody persons who are both likely to commit crimes, and unlikely to appear for trial, they serve the purpose of preventive detention. But even if such persons remain at large, the federal statute authorizes the court to impose a wide variety of conditions to increase the probability that the accused will appear for trial by reducing the probability that he will commit a crime during the pretrial period. These range from a promise to appear to probation-like supervision, from travel and employment restrictions to a requirement in appropriate cases that the defendant return to custody each night.

We have nothing that describes in any systematic way how these relatively new federal bail provisions have worked. At best, we have some anecdotal material, of the sort presented at the recent hearings of the Senate Judiciary Committee, which describes the occasional highly visible offender who has committed a crime during his release period. There is little to tell us of the extraordinarily large number who do not. Though this lack of evidence should in itself be persuasive where freedom itself is at stake, there is evidence that argues strongly against the change, at least as a serious effort to "solve" the crime problem. Everyone who has ever looked closely at bail has concluded that the bail amount is regularly manipulated by the courts to accomplish preventive detention. That, rather than release, is the *de facto* norm when "dangerous hardcore recidivists" are drawn into the criminal process. Whatever might be said in favor of bringing such use of bail into the open and legitimating it, it is grossly misleading to suggest that crime will be significantly reduced if we do no more than

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authorize the detention of those who would have been detained in any event, albeit illegitimately.

The Nixon proposal is especially offensive because it uses words and phrases like "hardcore recidivists" and "clear danger to the community" as if they really had content directly relevant to the questions of prediction inherent in preventive detention. It is impossible to say with much assurance who will commit a crime in the future; it is even less possible to say who will commit a crime within the limited period a defendant is awaiting trial, particularly if he is hedged about with restrictions as to what he may do and where he may go and if he is brought on for trial expeditiously.

It is not as if the question of probable danger were a new one. The history of our law represents in considerable part an effort to assess the distinction between the threat of danger and the fact of injury. In the law of attempts, incitement and conspiracy, in offenses like vagrancy and loitering, in provisions for civil commitment of the mentally ill, the sexual psychopath and the juvenile, we have confronted the question of probable danger and come away with very few guides for decision. We cannot say with any confidence how likely it is that yesterday's robber will rob tomorrow, that yesterday's man of violence will be violent tomorrow – especially if "yesterday" is many years past. There are no rules of thumb that can be carried over to a hearing on danger held promptly after arrest, before many facts can be accumulated.

This is dramatically evident in the materials surveyed by the DC Crime Commission. Though 7.5 percent of defendents released in a year were later charged with offenses committed while awaiting trial, only 4.5 percent were charged with crimes of actual or potential violence. More importantly, as the ABA committee pointed out, "Nothing in the DC statistics or any others now available indicates that those defendants who did commit crimes while released were distinguishable beforehand from other defendants who had similar records and charges but who did not commit crimes while released."

The only area where we have tolerated such detention before the facts are really in is that of emergency commitment of the mentally ill and, however unsatisfactory that often is in practice, it does turn on medical certifications and incapacitating mental illness. The new proposals would extend these extraordinary measures to persons charged with crime, with neither a predictive science at hand nor a body of concepts adequate to the need. It is a disastrous oversimplification to pretend we have the capacity to make the fine discriminations that these proposals demand. A pretrial detention procedure would inevitably lead to overprediction of crime, with undue emphasis given to the prior criminal record, the only hard fact available. Dangers imagined and feared by judges and the public rather than the fact of danger in the accused himself would become the touchstone of detention.

Nixon's emphasis on "hardcore recidivists" as the primary prospects for preventive detention is undoubtedly intended to reassure that the power to detain will not be used lightly. It is important to note, however, that such persons were probably subject to habitual offender laws after they had committed two or more felonies. Under these, they might have been sentenced for periods as long as thirty years or life. If they were not, it was because prosecutors chose not to proceed against them under such laws or because sentencing judges relying on the investigation of probation officers, concluded that they were not so dangerous as to warrant extended detention. Even where habitual criminal statutes are not available, the offenders have often committed many offenses and prosecutors have either chosen not to charge them for all or judges have imposed sentences to run concurrently rather than consecutively. Finally, if such persons were incarcerated, they were probably released by parole officials who concluded that they could safely be at large. It may be, of course, that prosecutors, sentencing judges and parole boards are exercising their authority unwisely and releasing persons who should be kept in custody. But the remedy is not to imprison the unconvicted offender; it may be to use more effectively the power already existing for dealing with the convicted offender.

The preventive detention proposals seem to be aimed not at the ordinary property offender, the thief or the forger, who makes up some two-thirds of all offenders but rather at the man of violence, the sex offender or the narcotics addict, persons presumably so lacking in self-control that they cannot be relied upon to behave responsibly even when they are subject to bail or other conditions. The narcotics addict is the prime example. His physiological or psychological dependence may be such that he cannot be trusted. For him, in more and more jurisdictions, there are civil commitment procedures, which include provisions for emergency commitment. Similarly, the serious sex offender and the man of uncontrollable violence may be committable under special procedures for commitment of the mentally ill. However disagreeable it may be to think we already have preventive detention procedures, and however reluctant we should be to use them, the fact is they do exist and can be invoked for many of the cases to which publicity has been given.

Perhaps the most important point to be made against the proposal is that the principle of pretrial preventive detention, once legitimated, is likely to develop a life of its own. More and more crimes will be regarded as sufficiently threatening to warrant detention before trial. This will do irreparable harm to the presumption

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of innocence and to the more concrete interests described earlier. It will, in addition, add materially to already clogged court calendars and an overburdened judicial system as new procedures are created to determine the issue of probable danger and new provisions for appellate review are devised to make preventive detention more palatable. Over time, the result may well be more trial delays, more extended pretrial detention and, eventually, as some of the proposals contemplate, a requirement of release if the trial is not held within a stated period of time. This may lead, in turn, to a condition I have observed in at least one Latin-American country: trials rarely held and preventive detention an entire substitute for post-conviction imprisonment.

The criminal law has always had to take into account that the restrictions we place on state power may cost us some measure of protection from danger. In the effort to avoid all danger, the proponents of preventive detention exaggerate what can be predicted about criminality to justify an indiscriminate practice of imprisoning persons whose guilt remains to be proved. Such a course would sacrifice too casually the liberty of too many persons for a negligible increase in public safety. Worse, it may delude us into thinking something substantial is being done to reduce crime.

From Jamie Whitten Country

"We Need Help"

by Robert Coles and Harry Huge

In May of 1967 six physicians – one of us was one of them – spent time in Mississippi's Delta. Dozens of homes were visited; children and their parents were given medical examinations; and the conditions of life that thousands of American citizens still must take for granted were observed and written down. In July of 1967 a committee of the US Senate heard it all – the hard-to-believe medical facts that again and again had to be insisted upon; Americans go hungry every day, become malnourished, die because they didn't get enough food and the right kind of food and fall sick and never, never at all see a doctor; American children possess bloated bellies and swollen ankles, even suffer from kwashiorkor and marasmus, diseases that mark the very last stages of starvation and that are associated with countries like Biafra or cities like Calcutta.

Mississippi's two senators were given a chance to cross-examine the doctors, but declined to do so. Mississippi's governor, Paul Johnson, sent out doctors of his own, well-established and conservative ones, to make the same rounds the other doctors had, to find out whether their charges had any substance. Eventually they, too, submitted a report to the Senate, and in essence said the same thing:

"In summary, the situation as observed in Humphreys County does not appear to be markedly different from that in Leflore County. Here, also, there are persons who are under-housed, under-fed, under-educated and under-employed. Some of them lack sufficient medical care and hospital facilities, and many are virtually unemployable."

Senator John Stennis responded with a bill aimed at feeding the nation's hungry and providing the Senate with more scientific information about who is hungry, where, and to what extent. His bill easily went through the Senate, but somehow became stalled for months in the House of Representatives where other Mississippians also wield great power, among them Mr. Jamie L. Whitten, who ranks third among the 51 members of the House Appropriations Committee and is a member of the Appropriations subcommittee for National Defense, for Public Works and most important, for Agriculture.

For 15 years Mr. Whitten has been chairman of that Agriculture subcommittee, a position that has given him a decisive say in everything the government does and does not do with and about our farms, our enormous surpluses of food and our hungry citizens. The testimony of the six physicians before the Senate and their report "Hungry Children," issued by the Southern Regional Council, may have brought national attention to conditions in Mississippi and may even have moved the state's senators, but from the very beginning those doctors had been warned of the

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congressional facts of life. After their survey was finished they left Mississippi for Washington, where they were told by a high official of the Agriculture Department that they, and all the hungry children they had examined, and all other hungry Americans, thousands and thousands of them, would have to reckon with Mr. Jamie L. Whitten, as indeed must the Secretary of Agriculture – whose funds come to him through the kindness of that same Mr. Whitten.

Since then Jamie L. Whitten has given some ground, but not all that much to critics of the government's various efforts to get food to extremely poor families. True, the price of food stamps went down somewhat, and the government pressured reluctant counties in various states to accept the food stamp program, all of which came about because of the Senate's hearings in 1967 and 1968, strongly pushed by Senators Clark and Robert Kennedy, and because of the forceful, comprehensive and unnerving publication, *Hunger, USA*, put out by the Citizen's Board of Inquiry into Hunger and Malnutrition in America – the board's members were drawn from business, labor, the churches and the various professions – and finally because of the CBS commentary, "Hunger in America," which for an hour without letup presented an almost unbearable spectacle of extreme want and distress among many different people (of all races and creeds) in many regions of the nation. Yet, Mr. Whitten has made it amply clear that it is just so far that he will be pushed without fighting back cleverly, tenaciously and with an interesting assortment of weapons: strong pressure on the Agriculture Department to defend inadequate programs that simply are not reaching thousands of needy people; strong interference with the workings of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, whose nutritionist, Arnold Schaefer, for some reason stayed out of Mississippi in the course of his research on the incidence of hunger in the nation's rural and urban areas; and in the clutch, resort to agents of the FBI, who contacted poor and frightened people all over the country, but to round out their investigative picture also contacted men like Dr. Schaefer and the doctors who went to Mississippi two years ago, as well as other physicians at work with the poor.

In fact, Arnold Schaefer's report – he is chief of nutrition at the government's Center for Control of Chronic Diseases – gives scrupulous and statistically precise confirmation to the clinical impressions that many doctors have had and on occasion asserted in public. "We had certainly hoped to go to Mississippi," Dr. Schaefer said to reporters after he testified on January 22nd. He wouldn't say why he never got there, though he did say "Yeah!" to the question, "Was it politics?" A few weeks earlier, when asked about the use of FBI agents by his Agriculture committee, Mr. Whitten made it quite clear that he did not believe the charges that widespread hunger and worse, severe malnutrition, exist in America; nor was he willing to let those charges be asserted again and again: "If what's said is true [about hunger, for example], we need to correct it. If not, we need to stop folks from making wild charges."

We recently visited Mr. Whitten's congressional district with his admonition in mind. We had no interest in once again taking note of the state's difficulties, so often in the past used by self-righteous critics to divert themselves from some of their own problems, far nearer at hand than the Delta's. But Jamie Whitten and his good friend Congressman Tom Abernathy – their districts adjoin one another – have repeatedly demonstrated that they have every intention of ignoring needs and demands of thousands of people who live far away from Mississippi. Hungry men, women and children in Appalachia or in Texas or on Indian reservations in Arizona or in the poor sections of our large Northern cities are denied food they need because a congressman like Jamie L. Whitten can frighten federal officials and prevent the Congress from acting quickly in the face of a medical emergency, a social disaster, and not the least in this powerful and wealthy nation, a moral outrage.

Mr. Whitten's district is made up of several tiers of Mississippi's northern counties. The district's western section contains some foothills of the Appalachians, including Woodall Mountain, at 806 feet altitude, the highest point in the state. Nearby is the fine, relatively progressive city of Tupelo and, about 40 miles eastward, Oxford with Faulkner's lovely home and the University of Mississippi. Further eastward the Delta begins and with it mile after mile of farmland and, of late, pasture land. Day after day we went through that territory, accompanied by white and black people who were born and have lived all their lives in Mr. Whitten's 2nd Congressional District. We went to Savage, Mississippi. We went all through Tunica County and Tallahatchie County, where Mr. Whitten was born (in the little town of Cascilla), and where he still lives (in the county seat of Charleston). We talked with children and parents in Panola County and Yalobusha County where school districts under orders to desegregate or lose federal support have earned a possible reprieve from the Nixon Administration. Later we left Mr. Whitten's district for Mr. Abernathy's – and we revisited some of the families visited two years ago by the team of doctors who told the Senate that severe hunger and malnutrition (and associated diseases) are to be found in the state. Though we spent much of our time with poor black families, we also managed to see a number of white people in Mr. Whitten's district: school teachers, students and businessmen. In Mr. Abernathy's district we went to Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer's house, but we also

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went to the Sunflower County courthouse – where we heard that if only there were more money, from Washington or any other place, "we'd be able to do better things for our colored folks . . . build new homes for them in Indianola."

Yet Mr. Whitten feels those "folks" don't even need better food, let alone such other "better things" as decent homes or jobs. From his various votes these past years one can gather his constituents don't need Office of Economic Opportunity and food stamps for free and surplus food and community action programs and clinics that provide medical care and dental care and medicine. They don't need the Job Corps or Vista, or for that matter the right to vote explicitly spelled out by the federal government. Most of all, they don't need outsiders coming down and stirring things up – poking into their homes, shouting about their nutritional status, calling them sick and trying to "get them going" as we heard it put in Jamie Whitten's hometown of Charleston.

Whatever Mr. Whitten's ideas about the desires of the people he supposedly represents, thousands of them don't quite see it his way. Just outside of Savage, Mississippi and just inside Tunica County we spent an afternoon with a family who see, maybe, three or four hundred dollars in the course of an entire year. They live off the road in a broken down shack of wood on the sides with a slanted, rusty tin roof on top. They have a coal stove for heat and cooking. They have no electricity, which means no refrigerator as well as no lights. They lack running water. They use a shallow, contaminated well, which is "just a mile or two off." They lack even an outhouse. Several relatives have gone North, but the word has come back that it's much better there in some ways, but no great paradise in others. What is life like for them in Tunica County? What do they eat? How is their health? "Oh, we're getting along," we are told for a start by a tall, large-boned mother of five who speaks much too softly at first, but several hours later almost like an old fashioned orator, at last with an audience of countrymen to address. Then came the qualifications about "getting along," and an afternoon of them could have been a week of them, a year of them:

"Every morning the first thing I think about is what I can do to feed the kids. I don't have no money coming in. My husband, he works for him, and you know the bossmen around here, they'll give you some things and they won't give you others. We can use this house, it's his. He told us last year that as long as we didn't get any smart-alecky ideas in our heads, we'd be alright here; but if we did, we could go on up to Chicago where the niggers belong, and the mayor up there, he'd be taking care of us just like they do down here in Mississippi. The bossman don't give us much money, but there'll be ten dollars one week, and maybe five the next, and he gave us twenty for Christmas, I'll say that for him. He don't want us trying to vote and like that – and first I'd like to feed my kids, before I go trying to vote. For breakfast there isn't much, but they know it's not until the middle of the day they can eat. I give them some soup I make – I boil up a bone and some beans and there's the water and I salt it real good. I put some of the milk flakes [powdered milk] in the children's coffee, and that's good for them, I know. They gets their energy from the candy bars, of course. And I gives them grits. His wife – the bossman's – she'll come over here sometimes and give us some extra grits and once or twice in the year some good bacon. She tells me we get along fine down here and I says yes to her. What else would I be saying, I ask you?

"But it's no good. The kids aren't eating enough, and you'd have to be wrong in the head, pure crazy, to say they are. Sometimes we talk of leaving; but you know it's just no good up there either, we hear. They eat better, but they have had things up there I hear, rats as big as raccoons I hear, and they bit my sister's kid real bad. It's no kind of country to be proud of, with all this going on – the colored people still having it so bad, and the kids being sick and there's nothing you can dc about it and like that. No sir, there's no doctor hereabouts for them or me or anyone like us. My kids, they were born right here, with my sister by my side and my aunt – she knows what to do. The white lady says if anything real bad ever comes up, she'll take care of us, with her doctor, and I've taken one or the other of my kids to her in the past, and she tells me they're going to be alright, and you know, she gives me something for them and tells me to rest them and not let them be so wild out in the woods and like that. Well, I gets what she's saying alright. You people talk about the vote. To me what counts is if I could be able to feed us better and we'd see a little money each Saturday or even the beginning of each month, or so. My girl come home and told me we haven't been slaves since way back, according to her teacher. And I said, yes, that sounds real good. But when it gets cold, she can't go to school, because there's no shoes for her and we have to stay close to the stove. Do you think that man – Mr. Whitten? – do you think he'd ever come here? I doubts it. He's probably with the bossman's side, don't you know. He's with them. No one's with us but ourselves, and no matter how many of us there are, we don't have what they have. What do they have? Oh, isn't it just about everything?"

It is possible to find out who has everything and who has nothing in Tunica County where that woman lives and which Mr. Whitten represents. Out of a population of 16,826, 79.1 percent of it black, no less than 13,500 make less than $3,000, and 11,370 see less than $2,000 in a year. Only 1,506 people receive

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public assistance, though – and only 6,307 have been allowed to participate in the food stamp program. The median income in the county is $1,260 per year and the infant mortality rate per 1,000 live births is 64.5, some three times the national average and utterly in keeping with figures that come out of the world's poorest, most "underdeveloped" nations. In Mr. Whitten's home county, Tallahatchie, the figures are similar: out of 24,081 residents 18,800 make less than $3,000 a year, 15,197 make less than $2,000 a year, but only 6,710 get food stamps. Blacks make up 64 percent of the population and 74.4 percent of the population is poor. Median income for the county is $1,588. Yet only 2,367 people are on public assistance.

Counties such as those Jamie Whitten represents have sent thousands of hurt, sad, bewildered, hungry and frightened people North and West; but those counties also continue to present us with a surprisingly large number of our poor people. By and large we tend to equate "poverty" with our urban ghettos, but one government estimate has our urban poor (some 18 million) making up 55 percent of all the nation's poor with the rural poor (over 15 million) about 45 percent of the total. It is one thing to be poor in a big city, and another thing to be poor in, say, Mr. Whitten's congressional district. The mayors of our cities and the men those cities send to Congress by and large acknowledge the ghettos they represent and struggle to govern – and plead over and over again for help, help of all kinds. Everyday in the papers, in books and articles and on television the "urban crisis" is frankly acknowledged as the serious and threatening matter that it obviously is. Meanwhile, the Tunica counties of this nation go relatively unnoticed, *and* even more significantly, more tragically, their sheriffs and congressmen fight with all their considerable power to make sure that state of affairs continues. Meanwhile some of the hungry children seen two years ago in Leflore and Humphries counties continue to go hungry, continue to demonstrate clinical signs of malnutrition. (We have just visited them again.) Meanwhile an integrated and beautifully run preschool nursery we visited in Oklahoma has been denied further funds by HEW's Children's Bureau, in the words of one federal official, "because of Congressman Abernathy." Meanwhile several farm cooperatives we visited – they are designed to feed the hungry – get not a cent from Washington. Meanwhile the mother of a child in one of those two school districts fighting to keep federal money but not comply with federal laws told us: "I'm afraid of their cracking down from Washington – because you know what they'll do around here, they'll just close our schools altogether. One of the big-shot white people, he said to us the other day, that he didn't think we really cared much about our school the way we were acting."

We asked a friendly professor at the University of Mississippi whether we had any right to come in as outsiders, do our work – one of us lived in the state two years doing that work – then leave and have our say. A reply was instantly forthcoming:

"These people, the people you've seen these past days, desperately need people to speak for them. Their congressmen don't; in fact, their congressmen have worked day and night to kill dozens of programs that are aimed at the poor. Anyone with half a brain in his head knows that the only way we've come as far as we have in this state is because all those 'outside agitators' have bothered us and bothered us and bothered us, at least they did for a while. To be honest, I'm worried that they've forgotten us of late; and they've forgotten what a man like Whitten does, not only to keep *our* people 'in their place' but other people all over. Isn't *he* an outside agitator? Isn't *he* interfering in the lives of others, in their struggle for a decent life? But we don't hear it put that way, I'm sorry to say. And people don't know what's going on in the backyard of the most powerful men in the Congress of the United States, the men who keep on saying that everything is just fine, and we don't need any new laws, any changes in our society. We have wonderful people here, white people who have been fighting this fight for years; and they – I'll say *we* – need help from outside. We can't bear it, personally, to fight alone all the time, not when the odds are so heavy against us, and when we *also* love this state."

Yes, as we drove through Mr. Whitten's district we once again saw what the professor loves: the rich, alluvial earth; the quiet of a rural state; the flaming sunsets and the full moons that are a rich orange-red rather than a pale yellow, and that hang unnervingly low enough for a sharecropper to have asked us, "Why do they say it's so far to get to the moon, when it seems as though you could touch it if you went and climbed up that tree over there?" We had to leave the road to find that sharecropper, drive along those unpaved, dusty pathways that bring the visitor out of one world and into another. The grazing cattle, the silos, the fine ranch houses, the quaint and nicely kept-up churches, the endless stretches of open land, the cotton gins and cotton wagons, the colorfully decorated grain elevators and tractor companies give way to – well, all that the statistics we have mentioned imply. It is awful, and for all the efforts of our writers, for all the studies and reportage and photographs and documentaries, there is something indescribable about the sadness and pain and stubborn willfulness and slyness and cynicism and resignation and resourcefulness and hope and bitterness that exist side-by-side in such people whose ambiguities and inconsistencies are more than matched by those to be found in America.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Simon of the Desert
Altura

The Immortal Story
Altura

Two relatively short films by famous directors are now playing together in New York and will be distributed together as a double feature.

Luis Buñuel made *Simon of the Desert* in 1965, a 42-minute film about a latter-day religious who emulates Simeon Stylites, the fifth-century saint who spent over 30 years on top of a high pillar, praying and preaching to people below. Buñuel's Simon has spent a number of years on a pillar in the desert and has evidently been a success, in intercessional terms. A rich family is so grateful for his help in getting their prayers answered that they have built a new pillar for him. He is just moving to it at the picture's start. The story chronicles his temptations and fantasies and the efforts that Satan makes, in various guises, to secure his damnation. Satan is at last so impatient with Simon's rectitude that, in the female form which Nick employs throughout, he/she sweeps the saint off to the future in a jet plane and deposits him in a dance-crammed New York discothèque. The ending is tricky and only suggestive, not as completely achieved as the rest of the film; but I can't believe what others have said, that it's an afterthought.

Buñuel was born in Spain (in 1900) and was educated at a Jesuit school. Mother Church had the child and she has made the man, though probably not as she intended. Buñuel, who now lives in Mexico where *Simon* was produced, has been fighting his birth and breeding all his life, ever since the Eisensteinian bishops in *L'Age d'Or* (1930). But he is certainly not a conventional lapsed Catholic. In the past he has applied the old chestnut to himself – "I am an atheist, thank God" – and he has also affirmed that he belongs to a devoutly Catholic family and that his early education left indelible traces on him. His mockery is that of an intimate, as in the most rigidly religious country I've ever visited, Eire, where the villages are full of anti-clericalism. Buñuel, too, spews his sardonic humor on the Church; and also on man; but about God, he reserves comment. When a character in Buñuel is introduced as devout, the devotion is usually seen to be true, not hypocritical, even though the person may subsequently change. Nazarin is truly Christian. Viridiana really believes in her vocation at the start of her story. (It's a nice private joke that Silvia Pinal, who was the novice Viridiana, here is Satan in female form.) Simon is genuine. The tone of the film makes us expect some ultimate exposure of his hypocrisy or failure. No; he is not very bright – he is so keen to bless things that he even blesses a morsel of food he extracts from between his teeth – but he is no faker. The one missing element in *Simon* is also missing from Buñuel's other religious films that I know: the facing of his own contradiction. If he is *not* sure that God does not exist and if he *is* sure that priest and parishioner are usually corrupt, what does that make of his God?

Otherwise, this is intelligent fun, tart and compact. Simon, solidly played by Claudio Brook and cleverly written by Buñuel, is amusing in his staunchness. The gratitude of the rich family affects him no more than the ingratitude of the thief whose amputated hands he restores. The malice of a jealous monk doesn't make him feel unworthy any more than the offer of priesthood makes him feel worthy. The film is one of Buñuel's most subtle conceptions, helped greatly because, by its nature, it precludes some of his obsessive, lurid cruelties. No knives this time, no cat pouncing on a mouse, no heads beaten in with rocks; only two items from the Cabinet of Dr. Buñuel: a dwarf – the same one as in *Nazarin* – and the dominant notion of sex as hell.

Buñuel has directed well, easily getting a sense of movement into a film that is mostly rooted in one spot. There are no flourishes, no arias for director. He plunges right into his story, articulates it cleanly, maintains an engaging but unhurried pace, and quits when he is finished. Gabriel Figueroa, who photographed *Nazarin* and several other Buñuel films, gives *Simon* a smooth gray-and-white tonality that suggests the visual equivalent of Gregorian chant. On the soundtrack, the various approaches of Satan are accompanied by drum-rolls. This reminded me that, at the end of *Nazarin*, when the suffering priest is offered a pineapple by a woman, there are drumbeats on the sound-track.

Short and simple *Simon* haunts the memory, possibly because its themes have haunted Buñuel's life and here he has found his most direct way to work with them. We see religion as inescapable complexity for those who have once found it lucid. We see prayer, the glory of Christian exercise, made the center of an entire film; and we see prayer as the source both of humble strength and a kind of self-gratification. At the end Simon sits in the discothèque smoking a pipe, physically defeated by Satan but only because Satan has not been able to defeat him spiritually. He is immobilized more effectively than on his pillar but not seduced. Satan has showed him what lies ahead of man, despite all the praying of all the saints, but it doesn't daunt his vocation. I daresay that what Buñuel feels for Simon is compassion; it might even be identification except that Simon has no humor – and except that, like Stephen Dedalus, Buñuel has the "cursed jesuit strain" injected the wrong way.

The Immortal Story is another step in the descent of Orson Welles, a pallid picture in which he also appears but in which he does not appear greatly interested. It runs an hour and was made for television. It shows the marks of TV drama of the fifties, although it was made fairly recently: a predominance of close-ups and two-shots, sofa-vision pacing, an occasional gorgeous prop to give an air of richness but nevertheless a general air of poverty.

Welles adapted the script from an Isak Dinesen story. A hundred years ago, a rich old American merchant is dying in Macao where he made his fortune. He had heard a story on his way to China 50 years before – about a handsome young sailor picked up and paid five guineas to bed an old man's beautiful bride – and it's now the merchant's geriatric whim to make the story come true. This old man has

(Continued on page 33)

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C. Michael Curtis: Peace and Quiet

Police Power by Paul G. Chevigny

(Pantheon; $6.95)

We may be forgiven for resenting the disparity between what we expect of our policemen, and what we get; but we can't be forgiven for imagining that it is chiefly their fault, rather than ours. That is the discouraging proposition Paul Chevigny puts before us, in his harrowing account of systematic police brutality in New York City, and it is an indictment broad enough to unsettle the most confident civil libertarian.

Policemen, says Chevigny, adhere to a set of institutional rules and premises that provide their own internal logic and consistency. The patrolman, unsurprisingly, "identifies with the office with which he is vested and considers a threat to that office the most serious of threats to good order." And it is the public appetite for that order – even if maintained at the expense of constitutional liberties – that sustains what Chevigny calls the "substantive rationality" of police work. "It is clear," he says, "that there is something in most of us that does not want the police to change; the landside vote against a civilian review board demonstrated that, if nothing else. We want efficiency, quick work, order above all, though we claim to want due process and equal justice as well. Without basic changes to eliminate the obvious injustices in our society, we cannot expect to have all these, but if all else fails, we think we would like to preserve at least the appearance of order ('peace and quiet')."

The difficulty with this prescription is that we do not appear to be an orderly people. And since our constitution is dedicated both to principles of equality and the orderly deliberation of public issues, the conflict between private rights and public order is predictably intense and frustrating to public employees charged with the virtually impossible task of simultaneously preserving the integrity of both.

The consequences of this frustration are meticulously outlined in Mr. Chevigny's book. He is a young lawyer, previously active in civil rights cases in the south, and currently a staff attorney for the New York Civil Liberties Union. During 1966 and 1967 he collected complaints from New Yorkers who felt they had been mistreated by policemen, and in many cases represented them in court. The record is dismaying, not only for what it tells us about the values that dominate contemporary police work, but also because of the police attitudes it reveals toward Americans who are poor, black, bohemian, disaffected, deviant, or simply short of sympathy for policemen.

One of Chevigny's most dismaying cases involved a Negro window washer and his wife, a barmaid:

> "On the wife's night off, they were having drinks in a bar where she worked, and at the end of the evening, she went out into the street to hail a cab. A policeman, mistaking her flashy clothes for those of a prostitute, ordered her to move on. A vituperative argument ensued, and the wife was knocked down with a punch in the eye. When the husband ran out of the bar with a friend to protest, he was also knocked down. The wife was charged with assault and the husband with disorderly conduct."

The NYCLU took the case, subpoenaed three witnesses, and found that not one would appear in court to testify on behalf of the beleaguered window washer. The one willing witness, the friend who ran out of the bar with the husband, had a criminal record, so his testimony was not given credence. The husband was found guilty and given a suspended sentence. Such is the lot of a black man in New York who resents the suggestion that his wife is a prostitute.

Even in a case as straightforward (and seemingly unforgivable) as this, the dynamics of the problem are clear. The initial decision was a matter of judgment. And as James Q. Wilson has recently argued at some length (*Varieties of Police Behavior*, Harvard University Press), patrolmen have a greater burden of discretion than any other public servant so low in the bureaucratic structure. And in the judgment of a policeman charged by his public keepers with repressing prostitution, a flashily dressed woman, seemingly unattached and leaving a bar late at night, is an object of suspicion. The order to move on may have been more abrupt than necessary; the response may have been more indignant than necessary. But once the wheels were set in motion, the confrontation had predictable consequences.

The woman's indignation, and her husband's defense of that indignation, constituted a challenge to police authority and, as Chevigny declares, "The one truly iron and inflexible rule we can adduce from the cases is that any person who defies the police risks the imposition of legal sanctions, commencing with a summons, on up to the use of firearms." He points out that the probability of such sanctions is increased when the challenger is a member of an outcast group; and if the encounter occurs late at night, in a threatening locale, the policeman is all the more likely to make use of whatever forceful means he can.

What Chevigny found most disturbing about this case, and others like it, was that once the basic decision to assert police authority is made, the system becomes rigid and self-supportive. Once a police charge is filed, the instincts of the system are to defend it. And while the nominal routine of police work imposes broad discretion on the part of the patrolman, his decisions are accountable to the seem-

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ingly unambiguous letter of the law.

It should not be surprising, then, that the police hierarchy deals with this problem by closing ranks in support of patrolmen on the beat. What this means in practice, as Chevigny takes pains to point out, is that policemen protect themselves by lying, if necessary, to provide the retrospective rationale that will justify their actions. "There can be no doubt," he says, "that police lying is the most pervasive of all [police] abuses. . . . If the charge was disorderly conduct, officers lied to create a breach of the peace where none existed. If the charge was assault or obstructing an officer, they supplied blows by the defendant when none had been struck. In the police canon of ethics, the lie is justified in the same way as the arrest: as a vindication of police authority, by proving that defiance of the police is a crime in fact if not in law."

When angry victims of police authoritarianism bring their charges to court, Chevigny complains, they still find the system wedded firmly to the "substantive values" of the police hierarchy. To accept claims that police power is being abused is to admit an indulgence of improper or careless police work. Ergo, judges, prosecutors, "even the commissioner himself," abet police abuses by uncritically accepting the ritualistic defenses of police action, and by holding to a rigid standard of due process that requires the complainant to prove his case against inevitably hopeless odds.

The variety of police abuses documented by Chevigny includes the deliberate planting of incriminating evidence, the use of mass (and therefore often anonymous) police action (viz. the Columbia bust last spring), unlawful search and seizure, systematic harassment, and the non-discriminating use of firearms. The list is familiar to students of police tactics, but still frightening to contemplate.

What is most significant about these abuses, however, is that they exist because we have tacitly invited them. "Though the incidence of police abuses may be reduced by institutional reforms," says Chevigny, "the police rules cannot change finally until society decides to disapprove of them. More citizens must come to accept the principle that the term 'law enforcement' refers to enforcement of the laws and not the arrest or harassment of defiant or deviant citizens. More citizens must come to accept the principle that all police abuses constitute the enforcement of a private code by unlawful means and that, as such, they are inherently oppressive."

The thrust of Chevigny's argument is toward a more equitable balance between the requirements of public order and the rights we fight to preserve in democratic society. It proceeds on the tenuous assumption that disorder is the natural consequence of inequities in public life – and must be resolved through the correction rather than by police oppression.

This is an altogether admirable sentiment, and may be necessary to any comprehension of the conflicts that torment a democratic nation convinced of its essential virtuousness. But it doesn't tell us how to resolve the immediate and disturbing shortcomings of a police system that we cannot do without and must, in our own interests, reform. Chevigny proposes a number of

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structural and administrative reforms, which coincide roughly with the recommendations of the President's Crime Commission Report, and of other enlightened police experts. But he is quite right to emphasize their limitations, and his book will be a helpful reminder that "police power" is a product, as well as a response to, the public will.

Morris Dickstein: Domesticated Modernism

The Collected Stories of Jean Stafford

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10)

To do justice to the stories of Jean Stafford, even to her recent ones, we need a degree of historical sympathy. They take us back to a time in the 1940's when Henry James was an insurgent influence among American writers, when ethnic writers had not yet transmitted the brooding vitality of their subcultures into the center of our imaginative awareness. Miss Stafford's elegant and sad Wasp Manhattan is closer to *Washington Square* than to *Seize the Day*. Her lonely Americans abroad match their gauche innocence against European civility and corruption. She writes Jamesian social comedies and Jamesian horror-stories and tales as monitory and symbolic as his artist-fables, part observation, part parable. Her stories are not exactly derivative – she has a special if fragile vision of her own – but they can be readily atomized into the influences that shaped them: besides James, Dickens, Mark Twain, Mann, a touch of E. M. Forster.

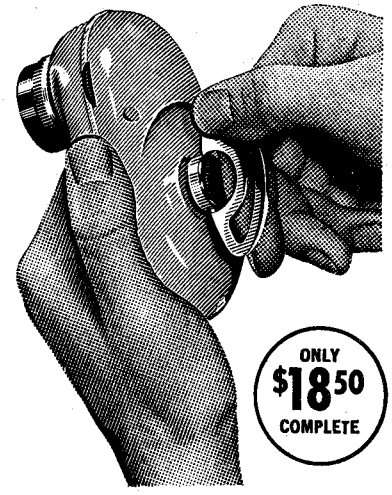
To the genre itself she contributes little that is new. Though never less than competent, she has none of the exuberant formal inventiveness through which original perception usually expresses itself. Like many other American writers of the 40's and 50's she inhabits a form that might be described as domesticated modernism. Her stories do not primarily focus on men and events; instead an atmosphere is created, a situation explored; we are granted not a conclusive action or denouement but only the significant word, the telltale gesture, the small illumination. She lays hold of her characters like an antique-hunter, scrutinizes them from every angle, exhibits their subtle defects and beauties.

In the process, however, she tends to manipulate the reader as well, to offer him only those meanings that she intends. The meanings themselves, like the world they are said to illuminate, are often rarefied to the point of inconsequence. In James, everything is conveyed through a finely spun web of consciousness, but it is always consciousness *of* something; it serves the reality of its object. Isabel Archer's great fireside reverie toward the end of *The Portrait of a Lady* is more than a triumph of "pure motionless seeing," as James later described it. She has tasted her *Madeleine*; her marriage, the whole action of the novel comes flooding through her mind, alive with meaning. Miss Stafford refines Jamesian consciousness (if not his style) into an abstract manner, which lacks a solid world from which to emancipate itself.

To be sure it is a rare pleasure these days to read fiction so gracefully professional, so eloquent and disciplined. Especially in comic stories like "Caveat Emptor" we hardly object to a touch of preciosity, a certain thinness and insubstantiality. The characters are carried along by the wit, gusto and buoyancy of the language. But in the more serious stories, where deeper insight is demanded, style tends to expose itself as *mere* style.

Among the best of the serious stories are those in which Miss Stafford makes her predicament her subject. Like James she is superb at portraying

"They laughed when I wound up my shaver..."



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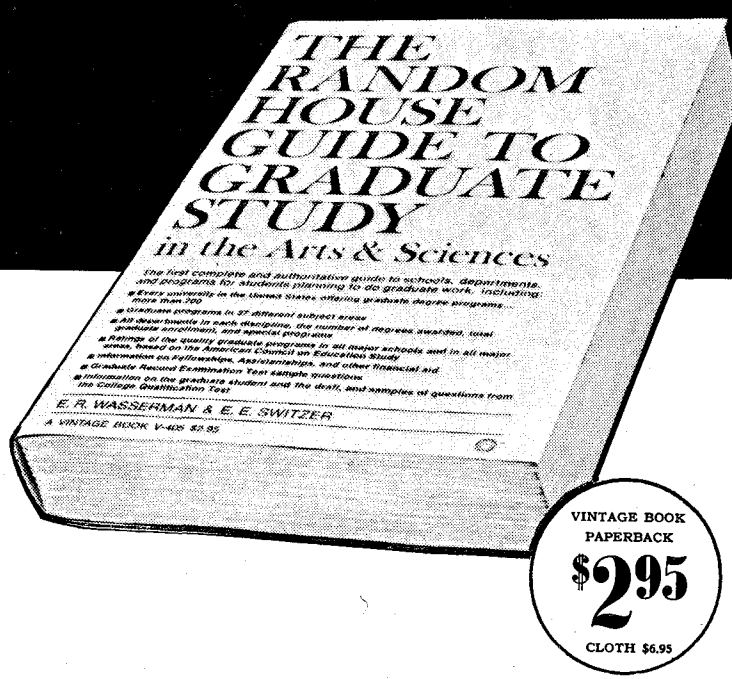

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characters imprisoned by their own civility, trapped in an existence rich in style but poor in what one story calls "the miscellany of life that irritates but also brings about the evolution of personality." In "The End of a Career" Angelica Early – the quasi-symbolic name is typical – has dedicated her life to the facade of her own beauty; in the process, like Marcher in "The Beast in the Jungle," she has forgotten to live. The magnificent Mrs. Ramsey in "The Captain's Gift" is an island of bland serenity in a neighborhood swarming with unruly immigrants and a world torn apart by war. In the end that world makes a slight but (to her) brutal incursion. Another woman concludes a story (ironically called "I Love Someone") with her own bittersweet epitaph:

> "My friends and I have managed my life with the best of taste and all that is lacking at this banquet where the appointments are so elegant is something to eat."

Miss Stafford herself often falls victim to this condition. Marriages wax and wane without touching upon sexual life. Private violence, war and the world of the last 25 years are as little attended to by Miss Stafford as by Mrs. Ramsey. She remains caught in the very world of decorous appointments which she satirizes.

The key to the paradoxical role of society in these stories lies in Miss Stafford's rich ambivalence toward the pre-social world of childhood. In a prefatory note she describes her own Western childhood, and tells how she eventually "hotfooted it across the Rocky Mountains and across the Atlantic Ocean." On this autobiographical base the stories somberly erect a version of the "international theme" more personal than that of James, more retrospective, focused on the mind of the child rather than on life out West.

A boy is orphaned, sent to an alien place, enveloped by an epidemic. He means to run away. Instead, tired, he falls asleep, "and something as soft and deep and safe as fur held him in a still joy." Warmth and terror, protection and entrapment, callous parents who often die, Dickensian guardians, picturesque but malignant – these elements co-exist poignantly in the childhood stories. Two brilliant examples

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are "In the Zoo" and "The Liberation" (in which the "child" is almost 30), both visions of entrapment and escape.

Miss Stafford's characters flee from childhood and from the provinces to an adopted East or Europe which they never quite believe in, where the price of freedom is anonymity and a sense of dislocation. To them "society" – adulthood – is at once a refuge and a sham. Only rarely do they find enough love to overweigh their sense of loss. More often they become permanent exiles, trapped in a world of surfaces. Or they long for withdrawal into an "interior castle" of the self, a schizoid projection of the ideal childhood they never had.

"That way madness lies," says Lear. Madness and lobotomy, says Miss Stafford's famous story "The Interior Castle." A steely *tour de force*, only ostensibly about a nose-operation, it carries her farthest along this surreal psychic terrain, and has a shattering urgency her writing does not often achieve. Here is the concealed abyss beneath the *New Yorker* manner, an original poetry of catatonic isolation and social subjugation, a horror-story that matters.

David Littlejohn: More on the Second Sex

The Woman Destroyed by Simone de Beauvoir

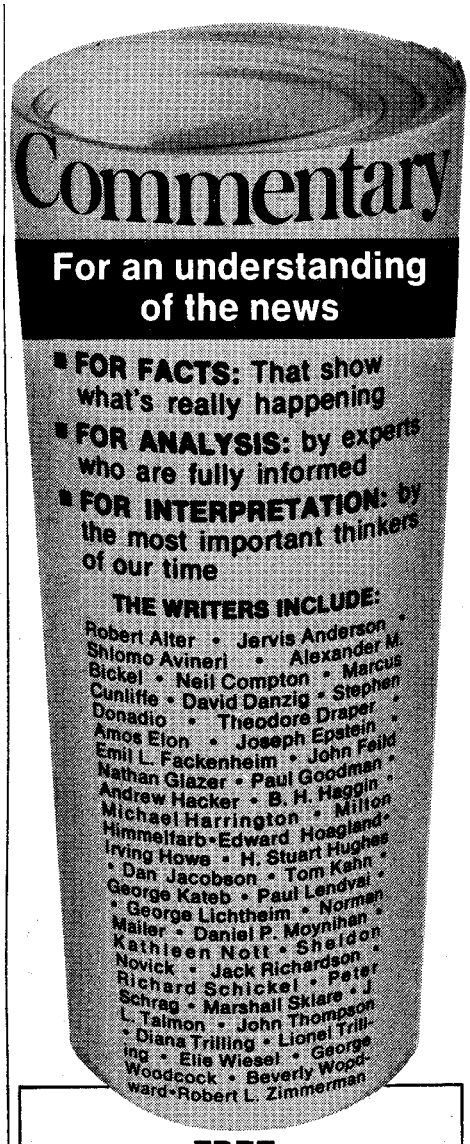
(Putnam; $5.95)

Two of the three narrative portraits that make up Simone de Beauvoir's latest book are unpleasant and unpersuasive; the third is a quite beautiful success. All three are variations on a theme of the woman of middle or later age (43, 44, 60) who suddenly finds herself thrown on her own resources (a lifetime's delusions, the defensive fictions of pride), resources that turn out to be wretchedly inadequate for the job of supporting her through the desert ahead. All these women – the intellectual, the bourgeoise, the shrew – prove in the end desperately dependent on their men; their stories could serve as a kind of illustrative appendix to *The Second Sex*.

But the fictional case study – the confined, carefully crafted analysis-through-narrative of a single person or a single problem that the French call a *récit* – depends centrally on the success, the appropriateness and tact of the author's technical means. There are defects, I think, in the very imaginative conceptions behind the second and third stories in this book; but it is primarily due to simple errors of craft that they collapse and come to nothing.

"The Monologue" pretends to be a 32-page stream of consciousness, of the foul, neurotic consciousness of a woman, left alone on New Year's Eve (one child dead, one husband divorced, another refusing to see her): what it really is is an inept *tour de force* by the author. In trying to ape the sordid mental idiom of a vulgar shrew, Mme. de Beauvoir produces a clumsy, unnatural river of slang, which reeks of condescension, of a kind of self-willed literary slumming – and which, even if authentic, would be untranslatable. She tries to adopt the Joycean mode, but the "associations" are so contrived, the rhythmic and psychological impulses so forced, that the resultant shrill voice sounds more like Bette Davis than Molly Bloom. And, since one of the games of the *récit* is to have your first person narrator reveal himself unconsciously, this tiresome hag drops "unintentional" confessions every few lines.

In the long title story, in French "*La Femme Rompue*" ("Broken" better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than "Destroyed"?), one can, I think, see the beginnings, the outlines of the story Mme. de Beauvoir intended to write. Considered abstractly, it seems rich in possibility. I can only guess that a grievous decline of creative energy kept her from bringing it off. A secondary plot is introduced, then abandoned; a great number of motifs and situations are duplicated from the first, successful story in this book. The banality of the style, the dulling, predictable progress of the affair, the woman's magazine mix of scandal and sentimentality – these may all be explained by the fact that the story's vehicle *is* the diary of a woman relatively banal, dull, and sentimental. Explained, but not excused: for this is a story before it is a diary, and the tactful craftsman can illuminate sentimentality and endow the banal with his own double vision.

These stories, in their bitterness, depression and failure, do perhaps represent one side of Simone de Beauvoir at 60. But she does her best self more justice in "The Age of Discretion," the wise and tender testament of a woman very like herself.

Her success here, like her unsuccess elsewhere, is very much a matter of narrative voice. The speaker is a leading French intellectual of 60 (retired lycée professor and Sorbonne lecturer, author of literary studies), the possessor of a splendid mind, acute sensibility, high moral principle, and a social conscience only slightly less active than that of her husband, a distinguished savant as old and as famous as she.

The autobiographical source is clear: but the real challenge Mme. de Beauvoir set for herself here (the source of the narrative's tension and attraction) was to endow her heroine with all of her own lucidity, her clarity of self-perception: and *still* to show her vulnerable, dependent and mean. For this is, finally, one more story of self-delusion, self-revealed.

The formula, the "plot," involves only a very few elements – maternal possessiveness, intellectual pride, resistance to aging, the devious ability of the human heart to mask revenge in high principle. But they are so intricately balanced I would only falsify the scheme by attempting to describe it. Suffice it to say that the woman is, at the last, stripped of her specious reasonings, and forced to face the dawn of a drier, colder, greater lucidity: but not alone.

The limitations of the story are those, perhaps, natural to the *récit*: a certain skeletal reductiveness (no past, no roots, no others, no loose ends), a certain dryness of air and spareness of furniture, an excessive neatness of structure. But "The Age of Discretion" proves this austere, classical form can still be made to say a great deal.

Skyey Developments

The clouds within the Milky Way
May well be diamonds, proudly say
Astronomers at U. of C.
The atmospheres of two or three
"Cool stars" could concentrate and freeze
More ice than winks in Tiffany's.

The pulsars, lately found to beep
Six times or so a sec., still keep
Themselves invisible, but are,
Perhaps, a kind of neutron star
So dense a cubic inch would tip
The scales against a battleship.

The moon, the men who jumped it swear,
Is like a spheric sandbox where
A child has dabbled; gray and black
Were all the colors they brought back.
The mad things dreamt of in the sky
Discomfort our philosophy.

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Books in Brief

The Me Nobody Knows

Edited by Stephen Joseph
(Avon; $.95)

A collection of short writings by ghetto children, mostly black or Puerto Rican and aged six to eighteen. Mr. Joseph has attempted to diminish the stigma of the word "ghetto" by revealing what these children think and feel: "on a nice cold September morning, I got up and was afraid to go to school." "I wish that my father will come back with my mother." "I am trying to read what I see and not what I don't see." "A round my block There is a lat of glass and food and paper and people fight all the time." "Since Men and Rats are the only beings that purposely kill their own kind, and we exterminate rats what does that make us?" "One of these days the worm is going to eat the bird."

The book offers some revelations about ghetto life but it is most moving as an indictment of urban education. Many of the children are or have been in correctional institutions; some had never written before. The best story in the book, a wry, funny tale, is the work of a boy in a class for the mentally retarded. Mr. Joseph asks "what will happen to these children?" and says that "the answer up to now has been: nothing."

The International Library of Negro Life and History

Various editors
(Publishers Company, Inc.; $120.00)

A ten volume, heavily illustrated, encyclopedia-like set of materials on black life past and present. There are separate books on the general black experience in America, on Negroes in the Civil War, on the recent Freedom Movement and on blacks in such fields as music, the theatre, sports, literature and medicine. The texts range from early nineteenth-century accounts to quite recent writings (a few of them by whites), and include some essays written specially for the series. These latter are directed, the style and tone indicate, to a relatively unsophisticated audience, high school students perhaps, for whom the whole set, earnest and compendious as it is, will surely be of use.

Art Linkletter's "kid" was barefoot, hungry and never said anything funny.

When you live in a dilapidated shack with 3 brothers and sisters and a chronically ill father on the 70 cents a day your mother struggles to bring home, shoes are something you don't expect, hunger something you have to accept and a funny statement something you don't even understand.

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Picasso Theatre

by Douglas Cooper
(Harry N. Abrams; $25.00)

A large handsome book that covers nearly everything Picasso drew or painted or sketched for the theatre – in its widest sense – as well as most of his works with theatrical subjects: clowns, music halls, actresses, acrobats, dancers. Picasso was most ardently involved with the theatre at a time when many diverse and great graphic artists were at work in it, and this panorama of what he accomplished has the effect of making us more than ever aware of our own visually deprived stages. The book contains over 400 illustrations, many in color, and has a sober, accurate, informative text.

Coming of Age in Mississippi

by Anne Moody
(Dial; $5.95)

An autobiography in the tradition of Malcolm X's and Richard Wright's, by a young black woman whose quiet, persuasive narrative never slides into either sensationalism or a sense of martyrdom. Miss Moody spent her childhood in poverty-stricken rural Mississippi during the forties and later became deeply involved in the growing civil rights movement. If there is something old-fashioned about her book, this is a measure of how far we have come, socially and intellectually, in the short time since integration was the goal – as it was for Miss Moody then – and this is one reason among others for reading it.

The Other Side of the Mountain

by Michel Bernanos
(Houghton-Mifflin; $4.95)

A beautiful and mysterious little tale by the son of the late Georges Bernanos. An adventure, a nightmare, an allegory, the book recounts the fate of two sailors whose galleon (the time is not the present) is becalmed, then wrecked in a storm after the crew has turned into cannibals through hunger. They drift to "another world," one consisting only of carniverous vegetables and minerals, everything the color of blood. Deciding that their only hope lies in crossing a distant mountain, they set out and undergo great suffering, culminating in a final loss of hope. The land is not only intolerant of animal life, a "cursed" place of death and evil; it stands outside these things. Thus it is perhaps "the gates of hell" but not hell itself, since even evil recognizes human anguish and vulnerability. The worst fate is to be suspended forever in an alien world between good and evil, to be, literally, stone, devoid of feelings and memories of humanity, except that of tears on a man's face, "the best proof of our dignity."

Communism

by J. Edgar Hoover
(Random House; $4.95)

The only interesting question raised by this book is what possessed Random House, one of our more dignified and reputable publishing companies, to be involved with it. The volume itself includes quotations from writings and speeches going as far back as 1938 and a long essay on "Communism Today," which argues that the Reds have a "new Look," have made inroads into campuses and intellectual circles, are strengthened by the existence of New Left and Black Power groups and have, "in our current . . . violence, chaos and uncertainty [their] best opportunity for exploitation since . . . the 1930s." Otherwise everything is as before. Communists are still "puppets of a foreign power" and "master strategists" who continue to "exploit," "infiltrate" and seek to "destroy our national institutions."

The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson

by Eric Goldman
(Random House; $8.95)

Long, gossipy, boring and fascinating by turns, this account by a Princeton historian of his service as a Presidential consultant on "culture" from late 1963 to September, 1966, ought to be read, but with a great many caveats. To begin with, the book is mistitled; no "tragedy," even allowing for our

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current sloppiness with the word, is established, nothing definitive at all is accomplished. Again, Goldman's position in the White House was not nearly as central as he implies, so that much of what he reports is necessarily second-hand. Finally, there are long and tedious accounts of various legislative events that seem to be part of another book, one which a specialized historian would have had his hands full writing. This over-ambitiousness means that the reader has to jump and skim, in search of the book's truly interesting material: the "human" side of LBJ (as well as the inhuman one), what the White House was like during his years there, what his assistants were like and what a middlebrow professor of fair sensitivity and much earnestness felt like in that atmosphere.

Correspondence

Taxing the Rich

Sirs:

Edwin L. Dale, Jr.'s, February 15th article, "The Realities of Tax Reform," urges support for the tax reform package by the Johnson Administration Treasury Department and now on President Nixon's desk, because it would achieve "meaningful reform to make our tax system more fair – to make all the rich pay something like a reasonable share," despite the fact that it "will not bring in the billions in revenue that many had thought." All the "revenue gaining" reforms in the proposal, taken together, would bring in only an extra $3 billion, and without the reform for eliminating charitable deductions unless they exceed 3 percent of income, which the Treasury itself, according to Dale, gives no chance of enactment, the total comes to only $1.5 billion – less than 3 percent of the total revenue from the individual income tax as presently constituted. I join Mr. Dale wholeheartedly in urging support for the reform package, because it is the best we can hope to see under the present circumstances, but I take issue with his assertion that *any* "remotely feasible loophole-closing" would fail to generate sufficient additional tax revenues from the rich to make possible substantial tax deductions for the non-rich. That is simply not the case.

The great bulk of the wealth of the very rich in the United States is not earned, but received from property – primarily corporate securities and real estate. Only a fraction of this unearned income is reached by the income tax because the bulk of it takes the form of a simple increase in value of the property concerned – so-called "capital appreciation" – which is (or, with competent tax advice, can be made to be) beyond the reach of the present tax laws. There is about $500 billion of corporate stock in the United States which is held by individuals, for example, and more than 80 percent of it is held by or for the richest one percent of the population. Yet under existing law 85 percent of its appreciation is never taxed at all, and the 15 percent which is, is taxed at less than half ordinary rates. Had this income been taxed at ordinary rates during a typical year in the 1960's, the additional revenues would have equalled about $25 billion, or from 30 to 50 percent of the entire individual income tax each year. The Treasury proposal to "correct" this particular inequity would impose a tax only at the time of the shareholder's death, would leave unchanged the especially low rate, and would impose no extra cost on the shareholder for the privilege of delay.

So far as I know, no one has made any computations for investment real estate, the other major source of untaxed capital appreciation, comparable to the computations made for corporate stock, but the conclusions would probably be about the same.

The traditional justification for failing to tax this kind of investment income is that taxing it would discourage investment, and without investment the economy would not grow. The justification is true enough so far as it goes, but it fails to take into account that in today's big business-centered economy, very few investments by individuals are of the kind which contribute to economic growth. The great bulk could be fully taxed without dis-

Notes on Contributors

C. MICHAEL CURTIS *is an editor of the* Atlantic. MORRIS DICKSTEIN *teaches English at Columbia University, and is at work on a book on Keats.* DAVID LITTLEJOHN *teaches English at the University of California, Berkeley.*

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couraging economic growth at all, because they represent no net addition of assets to the economy – real estate passively held while the city grows up around it, for example, or publicly traded corporate stock purchased and later sold at a higher price. Such investments no more contribute to economic growth than, say, parimutuel bets contribute to the winning of a horse race. (The foregoing facts and conclusions are taken from 76 Yale Law Journal 623, 631-33 and 81 Harvard Law Review 1032, 1041-43.)

The income tax law will not be fair to those whose incomes are earned until those who receive these billions in investment profits are taxed their fair share, too. It is misleading to assert, as does Mr. Dale, that a reform which would bring in only $1.5 billion in additional revenue can nevertheless make a substantial contribution to fairness. The Treasury proposals deserve our support, but only in the awareness that they are but a first, small step in the right direction.

W. David Slawson
Los Angeles, Calif.

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Vietnam Reading

Sirs:

Judging from Mr. Featherstone's article in your issue of January 25, the fine art of reading books is getting lost. How he could have found, in reading *No More Vietnams* that "even most of the critics of the war tacitly accept America's counter-revolutionary role in the world" is beyond me. After reading the contributions of Eqbal Ahmad, Richard Barnet, Theodore Draper, Daniel Ellsberg, George Kahin, John McDermott, Hans Morgenthau, James Thomson to this book, it should be easy to conclude exactly the opposite. None of these men, nor I, explained away Vietnam as "the result of an excess of benevolence." Indeed, our explanation is pretty close to that which Mr. Featherstone himself suggests at the end of his piece. The kind of "benevolence and generosity" we described is precisely the overbearing conviction "that American interests are (not) separate from those of mankind," characteristic of all empires. He also says that "there is no suggestion (in the book) that political subversion and direct military intervention in the affairs of lesser nations is either imprudent or immoral." Here is one such suggestion which comes from my own contribution to the volume: "there will arise in scores of countries risks of internal disruption that may be helped from abroad yet correspond to domestic realities. We must learn to live with such perils and to accept violent social and political change – even if private American interests happen to be the targets, even if communists should occasionally be the local beneficiaries and communist powers the likely allies of the local winners. For there will never be any manageable international system if our statesmen pretend to play the role of cosmic Metternichs."

Stanley Hoffmann
Professor of Government
Harvard University

In reply . . .

Mr. Hoffmann has a point. A number of the contributors to *No More Vietnams* do register quite basic criticisms of the war and the course of American foreign policy. My impression was that Eqbal Ahmad, Richard Barnet, and John McDermott did not represent, to coin a phrase, the mainstream of discussion, but still, it was misleading to describe the book as I did, and I apologize.

On the other hand I will stick to some of my guns: Mr. Hoffmann himself illustrates my basic point, that many of the people at the symposium still accept a policy of American interventionism. Mr. Hoffmann argues brilliantly against the war (as he has for years) and at many points suggests that we should stop playing God with other people's countries. Yet I think it's fair to say that he still would go along with certain kinds of limited interventions, "successful" one-shot ventures such as Greece or the Philippines. (See pages 119 and 285) Here his chastened hope would be that we could "define more rigorously what it is that so threatens us that we feel we have to intervene either by subversion or military action." In *Gulliver's Troubles*, he found "positive productivity" in our interventions in Guatemala, Iran, Brazil, Indonesia, and Ghana. (See pages 82 and 205)

This makes me wonder what he means when he says that "the central problem does not lie in the nature of America's objectives" in Vietnam, or, even more ominously, that Vietnam is only the "most inappropriate terrain for the applications of concepts that have proved fertile and adequate elsewhere. . . ." I agree with Mr. Barnet that, along with many other things, it was the nature of our objectives in Vietnam that was wrong from the start, and that our counter-revolutionary role in the world helped to shape those objectives. I don't mean to distort Mr. Hoffmann's position – he really is dead set against our playing cosmic Metternich, and this is the burden of his remarks in the symposium. But I think he leaves too many interventionist loopholes for General Jack Ripper and Dean Rusk. Those fertile "concepts" worry me if they include Guatemala and Greece. There is a danger in refining and qualifying arguments to a point where the message gets lost.

Joseph Featherstone

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Lloyd Goodrich, Advisory Director
Whitney Museum of American Art
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Kauffmann, *from page 22*

no bride, but through his clerk, he engages a high-class tart, and then finds a penniless brawny young sailor.

The point is to show the futility of trying to make fiction real, and the story is not a bad Chinese-box device. But Welles' direction misses its presumable aim – Dinesen's timeless, bitter romance – and gives us instead a limp antique. His editing is sometimes bizarre, as in a freak series of cuts when he listens to his clerk read. The only remarkable shot is one that he remembers from his past and keeps repeating here: putting the important person in a scene far in the background and viewing him past a person or object clearly focused in the foreground. The most blatant use of this trick occurs when the clerk leaves the tart in the bedroom and closes the door behind him. She calls; he opens the door again slightly, and she is perfectly framed in the aperture about 25 feet away.

The color photography is by Willy Kurant, the only cinematographer other than Raoul Coutard whom Godard has ever used (in *Masculin Féminin*). Here Kurant's work is quite unremarkable; besides, in the print now being shown, the color registers vary from shot to shot within some sequences. The tart is played by – I might almost say "of course" – Jeanne Moreau. Roger Coggio, an inexplicably noted actor, is the clerk. Some blond young man is the sailor. Welles relaxes through the role of the merchant, wearing his phoniest makeup since *Mr. Arkadin*. He aged more credibly in *Citizen Kane* 28 years ago, but he did a lot of things better then.

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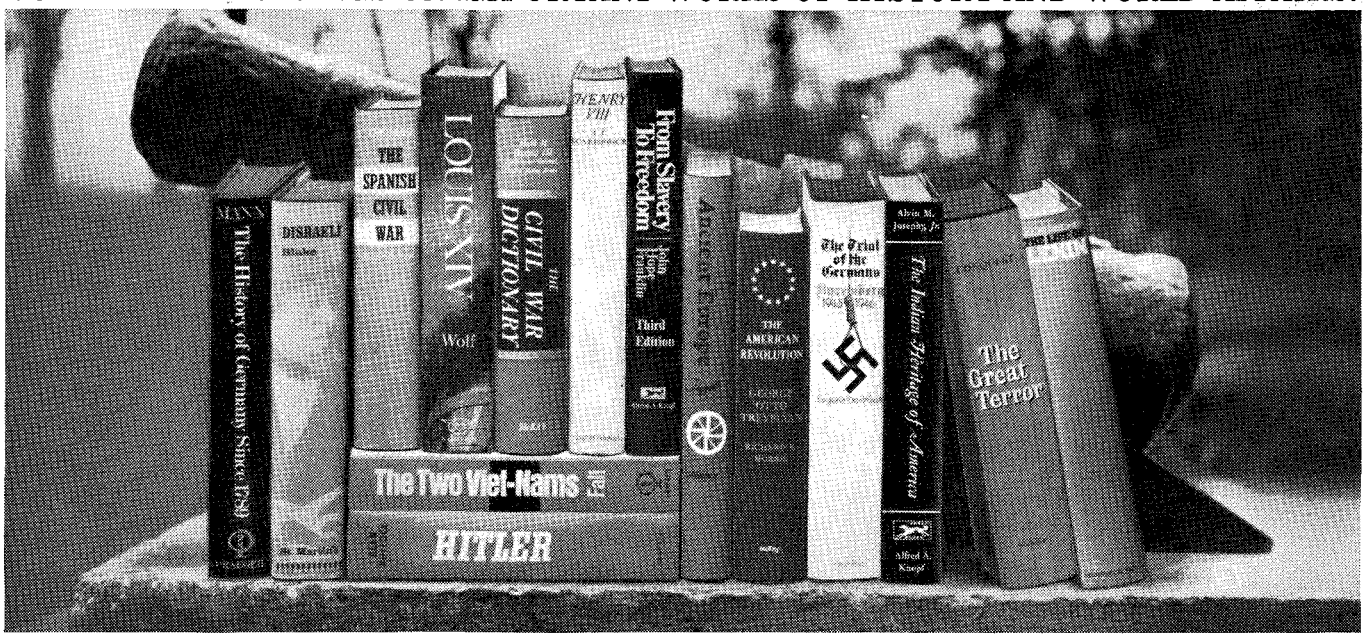

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